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## *Looking Forward*

As WE GO to press, even the "I'm Alone" case—on which we print the suggestion of the Outlook and Independent in editorial form on page 582—even the "I'm Alone" case seems to have fallen victim to the prevalent mania for discussing everything from the angle of prohibition, and drawing every possible happening as grist to that mill. Did or did not Representative Morgan have bottles of liquor in his bag? Does or does not Congress (unofficially) feel very bitter toward Mr. Michaelson for disclosing a hitherto useful method of securing the cup that cheers and bringing it to Washington? What shall be said about the new shootings by enforcement officers? And are State legislators in earnest in their pleas for better State enforcement? In such case, who is going to enforce the Jones Act on his neighbor?

THESE QUESTIONS—and others like them—appear to be rising above even the noise of the radio in thousands of American homes. Wets who voted for Mr. Hoover are being badly "razzed" in country club locker rooms. Drys who sincerely have the cause of temperance at heart are replying angrily. And meanwhile, most of Mr. Hoover's constructive acts and excellent suggestions get little vocal notice.

IN BRIEF, prohibition seems to have taken the stage once occupied by local gossip. And, if we are to judge from speeches by new district attorneys, drinking seems nowhere on the decline. What is the sober American citizen to make of it all? Since when was drinking alcohol so important? Since when did men become so childish about liquor?

PROHIBITION is making us daft—or we are making ourselves daft, since it became matter for discussion. Mr. Hoover is getting together his Commission. Nothing is gained by shoutings—by either side—meanwhile. Let all sensible citizens await that Commission's report, and, in the meantime, each one of us has many things to do. Prohibition is merely one of the laws of the land. Let us see to it that it does not swallow up all our other interests.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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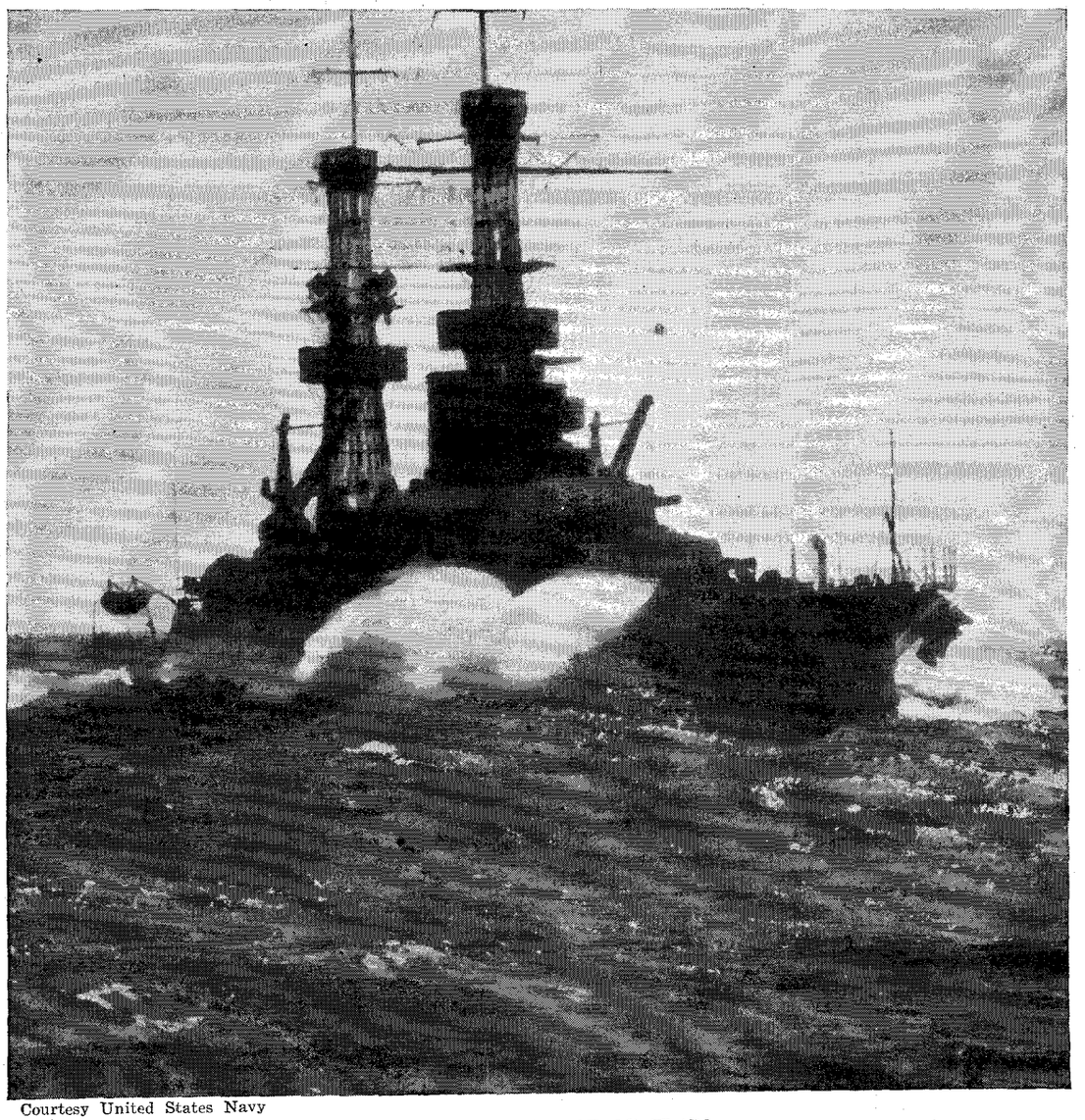

Courtesy United States Navy

*HOSTAGE TO PEACE OR WAR?*

*An American fighting leviathan, one of the problems of the next Washington Conference*

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# Outlook
and Independent

April 10, 1929


# Preventing Peace


*By* LT. COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY
and GEORGE YOUNG


***This English view of present obstacles along "the pathway to the peace of the world" was intended to be used as the final chapter of the American edition of "Freedom of the Seas," recently published by Horace Liveright. Owing to delays in transmission from England, the book had to go to press without it. By special arrangement with the publisher the material is printed here for the first time***

THERE is much talk about the revolution effected in Great Britain's Imperial Command of the Seas by the disarmament in capital ships temporarily agreed under the Treaty of Washington. Yet so far we hear nothing at all of the far more serious revolution effected in the insular immunity of Great Britain by French airplane and submarine construction in defiance of the disarmament obligations of the Treaty of Versailles. For in England it is, unfortunately, far easier to excite public opinion against what can be represented as an American attack on the traditional British Command of the High Seas and on the commercial communications of the Empire, than to expose the menace to the heart of the Empire and to every English home due to the French supremacy in airplanes and submarines. For, if such an anti-French agitation were started and it became generally known that the French are at the moment twice as strong—in the air and under water—as the British, there might well be an armament race with France.

Moreover, the present foreign policy of the British ruling class is based on the closest co-operation with France for reasons that lie beyond our field. Some of these have to do with the post-war developments of Europe and with the present difficulties of Great Britain, while others are deep-rooted in the prejudices and preferences of the British ruling class.

Meanwhile, the position as between Great Britain and America has of late been becoming every month more alarmingly like what it was between Great Britain and Germany before the War. We have had retired Admirals and Generals and even Cabinet Ministers mobilizing the power of the press for a public agitation against American sea power, though that sea power not only contains no real menace for the British but might be made the means for giving such security on the High Seas as can now no longer be got by a British command of the seas with surface warships. French submarines in the Channel or French airplanes over London, constitute a far more vital invasion of British immunities than would American battleships in the Atlantic.

MOREOVER, America offers the British parity in sea power and a disarmament to police-force limits. The French offer neither. Supposing the British accepted the American offer and reduced their naval armaments—and supposing the worst came to the worst and the international guarantee of freedom of the seas failed to secure the British their full overseas supplies in a war, they still would be no worse off than they were in the Great War, and could carry on with short commons. But supposing they had, in future, to face airplane and submarine offensives based, not on Germany, but on France, and using the far more effective war engines of today and tomorrow! One serious bomb and gas attack can depopulate the whole governmental center of the Empire.

The balance was, unluckily, this year still further weighted in favor of France by an unexpected mobilization of pacifism across the Atlantic and of militarism across the Channel. The rejection by Congress of the ambitious American cruiser programme seems to have been one of those mutinies of public opinion to which even the most disciplined democracies are happily liable and by which even the most democratic diplomacies may be embarrassed. We have just seen something similar in the rejection of the Anglo-French naval and military compromise by British opinion. But the diplomatic purpose of the American naval programme was to put pressure on the British to accept naval disarmament and freedom of the seas under penalty of losing command of the sea. And the pacifist push in Congress defeated this.

Whereas the French, not content with a two to one superiority in air squadrons, chose that moment for pointing a pistol at the head of the British by beginning work on a series of air bases along their Channel coast. Small wonder then that, in balancing between the French air-devil and the American deep-sea cruisers, British diplomacy was, for once, not "on the side of the angels." No doubt the passage by Congress of the fifteen cruiser programme and the provision for subsidizing a large liner fleet that can serve as armed cruisers, will redress the balance considerably.


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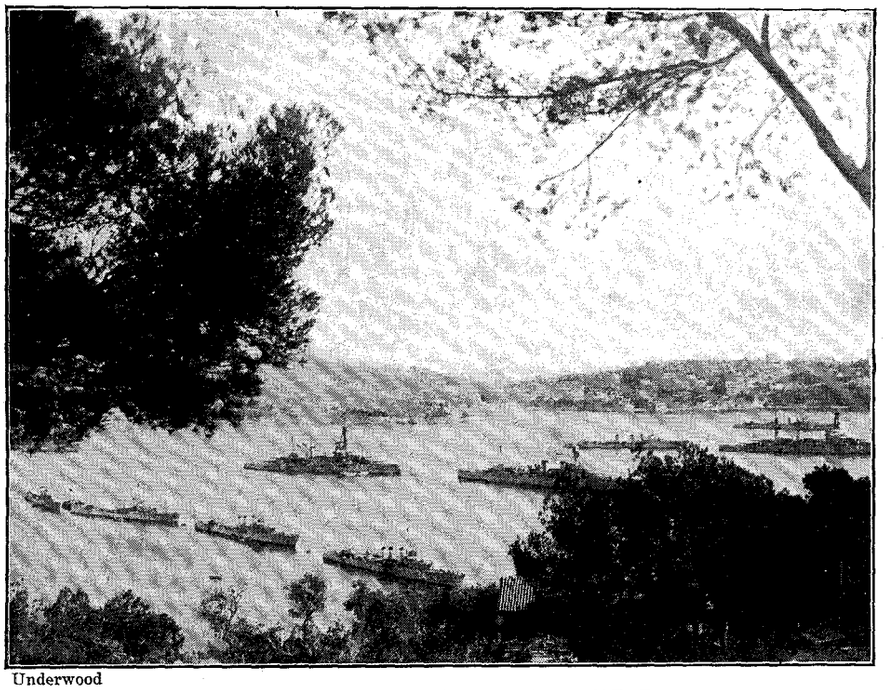

Underwood

*A CORNER OF FRANCE'S SEA POWER*

*French warships maneuvering in a Mediterranean harbor*

It might be objected that any such renewal of American cruiser construction would bring the British Government under pressure from the "Blue Water School" that has for three centuries directed British naval policy. During this long period, many wars have been fought, the British Empire has been carved out, and an immense foreign trade has been erected—all largely due to the rigid and ruthless policy of this Blue Water School. The policy itself was of the simplest. It was the maintenance at all costs of British command of the sea.

To this determined, sincere Blue Water School, the three hundred years' old policy still seems applicable today. Instead of realizing the needs of the British Empire in the present-day world—and instead of realizing that British and American interests at sea are in reality identical, the exponents of this school automatically regard America as a dangerous maritime rival. To say that the British Admiralty desires war with America would be absurd. Nor does the French War Office desire war with Germany; but both conceive it their business to prepare for eventualities. Great Britain cannot outbuild America, and has failed in its attempts to outwit America. There remains the old policy of balance of power—of alliance against the aspirant to seapower.

The success of French militarism in seeking for such a form of security has had alarming recent developments. An all-powerful army can be represented as being no less a vital matter for France than an all-powerful navy for Great Britain. Militarism in France has had public opinion behind it for centuries just as navalism has had in England. French public opinion, or the articulate portion of it that is able to bring pressure on successive French Governments, is still obsessed by fear of Germany. It is in French interests to fall out with America; but France must have powerful allies in possible European wars, and the naval strength and the strategical power of the British Empire is a desirable asset. If the naval, aerial and military entente with Britain can be re-established France has a certain security.

At the end of the Geneva Three-Power Conference of naval disarmament, British diplomacy was in the unpleasant position of having got across with the French by going into the conference and with the Americans by coming out of it. It was, therefore, fairly obvious that the collapse of the Conference would be followed by overtures to the Devil rather than by another venture on the Deep Sea. But "who sups with the devil must have a long spoon;" and though John Bull has in another sense "had a long spoon" with Marianne, there is no lack of evidence that he has never yet learned how to deal with that rather exacting lady. "I love France as one loves a woman," said Sir Austen last year in a moment of expansion. Marianne has not only got out of John more than he can well afford, but has gone far toward detaching him from those German and American relations with which it is very much his interest to be on good terms.

There was consequently a good deal of uneasiness in British public opinion when it became known in the course of the summer of 1928 that, as a result of conversations between M. Briand and Sir Austen at Geneva, an arrangement had been reached that removed the deadlock in naval disarmament.

The public memory is short, especially in foreign affairs, but this British generation has a million of dead and seven thousand millions of debt to remind it of the close connection between the secret treaty clauses of 1904, the secret military conversations of 1906, or the secret naval dispositions of 1912 and the Great War of 1914. And if they had forgotten how those secret diplomacies had to some extent provoked the war and had inevitably prejudiced the issue as to whether the British should engage in it or not, they were reminded of the facts by the opportune publication (August, 1928) of the Morley memorandum telling the story of the hopeless struggle of the pacifists against belligerents in the Cabinet crisis of August, 1914.

When, therefore, Sir Austen Chamberlain at last announced to the House that the disagreement between French and British views as to naval disarmament had been happily removed by a "compromise," the first reaction of opinion was anxiety to know just how far the British were compromised. Apparently the British Foreign Secretary himself did not know all the facts. For he stoutly maintained in Parliament that the agreement was "purely naval." Whereas, as we shall see, it was a political and strategic bargain.

It also seems likely that Sir Austen Chamberlain blundered in making any disclosure at all, and that either he was debilitated by serious illness, or had not been properly drilled or declined to tell a lie. For we may infer that the new entente was, like the old one, never to have been disclosed. Indeed this is the only intelligible explanation of what was otherwise the clumsiest series of blunders ever committed by Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. The or-

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iginal plan seems to have been to keep even the naval compromise secret until the next disarmament conference. The American delegates were then to be put in the position of obstructing a reasonable compromise accepted by two powers as a basis of disarmament.

However this may be, all further information was withheld on the usual formal ground of diplomatic courtesy to the other powers who were, ostensibly, being consulted; although an arrangement that must affect the principles of foreign policy might well have been submitted to Parliament before being submitted to foreign powers. Information was, however, forthcoming from other sources. Publicity was in the interests both of the French and of the Americans. For Paris was anxious to discount, without delay, the big draft on British credit it had got by a successful deal in secret diplomacy and by detaching the British from the Americans, Germans and Italians. Obviously publishing the news of the just-concluded engagement would check the swain from changing his mind "honorably." There ensued, consequently, a series of leakages through French semi-official channels that culminated in the publication by the Hearst press of an official instruction to French representatives abroad conveying the text of the naval "compromise."

Nor did the French proceedings against the American correspondent and native officials involved carry conviction of any sort. The Hearst press had got a "scoop" and so had the Quai d'Orsay.

It was established by these leakages that the naval compromise was in fact not a compromise but a mutual concession of British and French claims as to certain classes of naval armament that ran completely counter to the corresponding claim of the Americans. The large cruisers required by America, partly for strategic reasons and partly as a "stick" to force disarmament, were to be limited; but the small cruisers wanted by the British for commerce protection and the small submarines wanted by the French for commerce destruction were to remain unlimited.

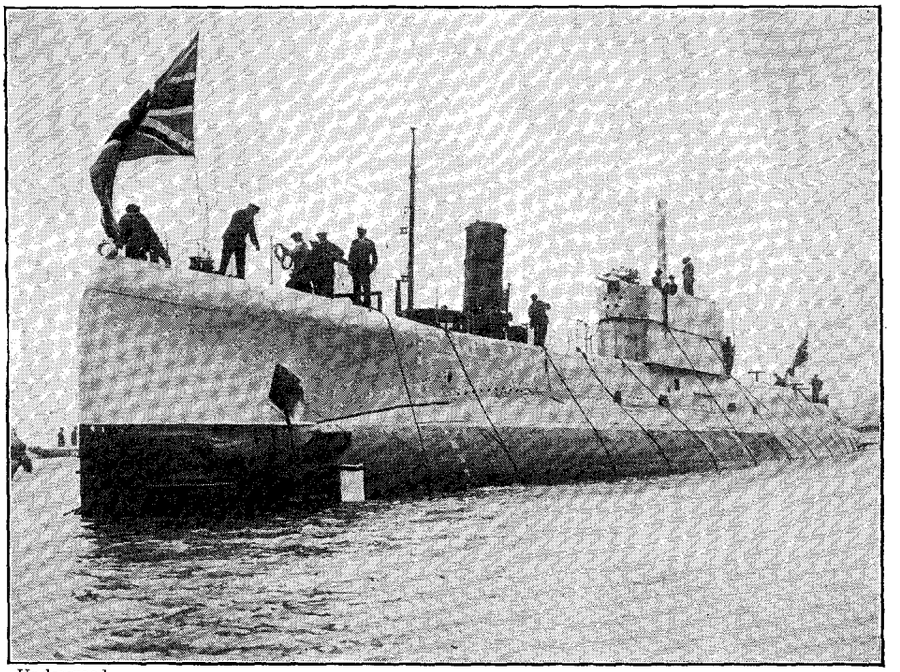
Whereas not only the policy of Washington but the pacifism of the whole world demanded the limitation of all warships and, if possible, the supression of submarines. America's refusal was a foregone conclusion. The 1927 Naval Conference split on just this very difficulty. It was as if an international notice to mariners had been issued in all languages reporting a rock dangerous to navigation and then the British Admiralty pilot had steered straight for it and "piled up" the Ship of State.

Of course it was never meant to be put forward. For the only other explanation, an attack of lunacy afflicting the whole Foreign Office and Admiralty, would be absurd. Those distinguished officers and officials may be somewhat set in their ideas but are not yet senile. But the Foreign Secretary had to be brought into the conspiracy and let the cat out of the Foreign Office bag. For he ingenuously triumphed over the Parliamentary opposition by showing them its tail—the naval compromise—as a spoil of the chase for disarmament.

The naval compromise was therefore bad enough but every one soon knew that what lay behind it was worse. For the French let out that one of their conditions and one of the British concessions had been a British acceptance of the French contention that trained reserves must not be taken into account in military disarmament. As afterwards transpired, this British conversion, which of course, if maintained, frustrates all hope of effective disarmament, was not communicated to Berlin, Washington, Tokio and Rome with the naval compromise of July, 1928. In reply to a direct inquiry from Herr Stresemann it was communicated to Berlin (August 5). But not to the other Governments until the end of September, just in time to anticipate its semi-official publication by "Pertinax."

Meantime, these semi-official revelations from Paris, combined with official refusals in London to take the public into confidence, had alarmed and annoyed both public and press on both sides of the Atlantic, nor was the public anxiety and annoyance in any way diminished by the official dementis. Sir Austen, as Foreign Secretary, had assured the House of Commons in July that the compromise concerned "purely naval proposals." Whereas it was now already ascertained, though not as yet officially admitted, that it was part of a military and political arrangement. After Sir Austen's breakdown in health Lord Cushendun, better known as Mr. Ronald McNeill, took up the tale as Acting Foreign Secretary. Said he on August 30:

"Speculation as to secret clauses and so forth has no foundation whatever. I see it suggested, for instance, that we were going to arrange for pooling our navy with the French. There is absolutely nothing in any such suggestion, nor is there anything at all in the shape of an agreed policy between ourselves and the French. It is not a question of policy. That has never been discussed. There are no secret clauses, nor any arrangment as to an alliance or co-operation of the navies. Nothing of the sort has been suggested."



Underwood

*THE OBERON, BRITAIN'S LATEST SUBMARINE*

*Channel watchdog and coast blockader, the undersea boat would play a large part in another European war*

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This was supplemented by a Foreign Office communiqué that "there is no agreement or understanding of any kind with France with regard to aerial matters that has not been published and all rumors to the contrary are entirely untrue." Mr. Baldwin, the Premier, replying to the charge of having broken in spirit with the Treaties of Locarno and Washington said on October 26: "That is not so—we have made no new engagements and no change of policy." But all in vain. The public only heard again Mr. Asquith, the Premier in 1913, when questioned whether there would entail heavy obligations, replying—"That is not true." British opinion had learned to look on the most ingenuous protest as most probably an ingenious prevarication. It turned from them to the facts and to the face of things.

Were there not the precedents of 1906 and 1912 with their secret diplomacy, solemn dementis and all? Was there not evidence of a new entente in new departures for the benefit of France from approved principles of post-war British policy? Such as the exclusion of trained reserves from disarmament or the coupling of Rhineland evacuation with reparations revision or the new Anglo-French attitude to Locarno and the League? The brigading of British troops with French in maneuvers in the Rhineland, and the sudden reversion to official harshness in the treatment of the civil population by the British military authorities in the occupied German territory? Would M. Briand have used the League Assembly to question German executions of her Locarno obligations or would the British delegation have postponed the League procedure for disarmament without a mutual understanding? Would a French Government openly antagonize Italy in the Mediterranean or a British Government antagonize America in the Atlantic without combining a strategic operation for the consequent contingency?

Would any British Government agree to accept unlimited construction of French submarines under 600 tons in the Channel, abandoning its demand for their suppression pressed at Paris in 1919, at Washington in 1921 and at Geneva in 1927, unless it got in return a reason for assuming that French submarines would be on our side in an imminent war? (Nine tenths of the German submarines that nearly starved us out in the Great War were below that tonnage limitation.) Was it not clear that the British Government's "Blue Water" advisers considered the menace of an American fleet after 1931 such as justified the renewal of the procedures of 1906 and 1912? Was it not known that conversations had taken place between British and French naval, military and air experts as to strategic dispositions?

The French clearly had access to information denied to the British; and had not Monsieur Henri de Jouvenel ("Revue de Paris" of October, 1928) welcomed the new entente with a war-whoop, declaring that "in this compromise then it was not a question of a peace negotiation but of an armed combination"? Had not Monsieur Blum, leader of the French Socialists, wept over it from his Socialist standpoint on exactly the same grounds? Governmental whoops and Opposition wails were equally alarming. But as soon as the British public and press dimly realized that this momentous change was involved in the New Entente, there was an almost unanimous chorus of condemnation.

The open disapproval of the naval compromise and the crushing criticisms to be expected from the Opposition by the Conservative Party as to its principle and procedure would have put the British Government in a serious situation on the opening of Parliament. From this they were saved by Washington which, without waiting for the publication of the original British note, issued the American reply to the press. One paragraph is sufficient to give the general tenor and tone:

"The American Government seeks no special advantage on the sea, but clearly cannot permit itself to be placed in a position of manifest disadvantage. The American Government feels, furthermore, that the terms of the Anglo-French Draft Agreement, in leaving unlimited so large a tonnage and so many types of vessels, would actually tend to defeat the primary objective of any disarmament conference for the reduction or the limitation of armament, in that it would not eliminate competition in naval armament and would not effect economy. For all these reasons the Government of the United States feels that no useful purpose would be served by accepting as a basis of discussion the Anglo-French proposal."

The rest of the note was as stiff as any that one great power has addressed to another since the peace. Fortunately the concluding paragraph left the door open to further negotiations and a fresh start. To this condemnatory rejection was appended a conciliatory suggestion that agreement might be sought along the line of making the categories flexible so that a power might increase construction under one by reducing it under another—a very promising proposal.

This example was followed by the Italians whose reply was refusal in the form of a counter-proposition. The Japanese accepted; but this had little effect. Lord Cushendun had already admitted that an American rejection would be fatal and there only remained the last step—which should have been the first—publication of the naval compromise and of the correspondence as to trained reserves. The cat was a dead and draggled corpse before it was ever dragged out of the bag.

But there is still doubt left in the

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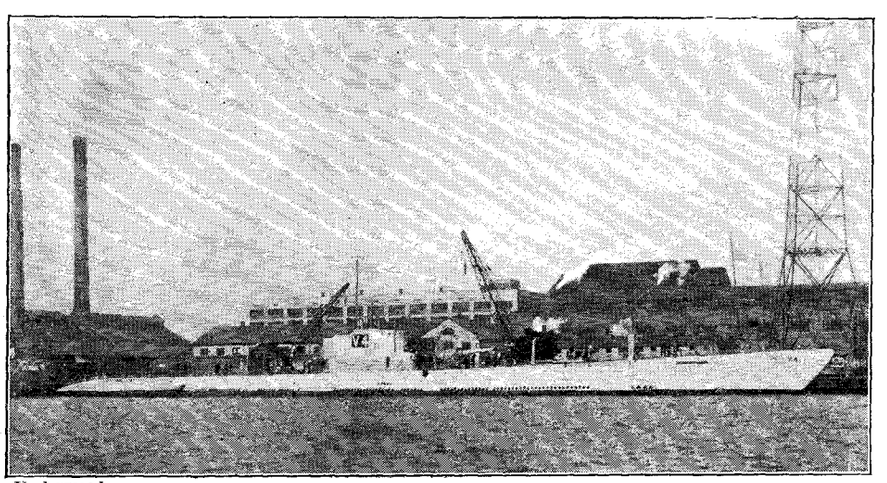

Underwood

*THE LARGEST OF AMERICA'S UNDERSEA BOATS*

*The V-4 mounts two 5-inch guns and has four torpedo tubes*

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# Re-enter Lloyd George

*By* T. R. YBARRA

London.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE of Wales, and formerly of No. 10 Downing Street, is nothing if not a politician. In launching, on the eve of the British General Election, the pamphlet, "We Can Conquer Unemployment," giving the programme of the Liberal Party for the elimination of the most serious evil in present-day Britain, he proved again—up to the hilt—his acute political sixth sense.

He and the pamphlet are being ridiculed right and left. "Promise-maker, promise-breaker" is among the less poisonous shafts which his foes have let fly at him. One, a member of the Baldwin Cabinet, contemptuously remarked: "I do not recollect any statement of that importance, coming from such an eminent politician, ever being received with such a chorus of jeers and derision throughout the whole land." Another gibed, apropos of pamphlet and author: "He offered the country a pledge which is obviously incapable of redemption, and the puzzle is why an ex-Prime Minister who has such great powers of oratory, such magnetism and, above all, such a fine cause, should spoil everything by statements which must be generally regarded as the wares of a cheapjack."

These are only a few drops from the flood of invective poured over Lloyd George and his "cure" for unemployment in Britain. The fact remains, however, that, in spite of the tempest of denunciation aroused among his enemies, Lloyd George has scored a palpable political hit. Such a thick smoke screen of ridicule can arise only from a lively fire of attention.

Tackling unemployment boldly is, for the aggressive Welshman, excellent politics. The promises made by him on behalf of his party may be—probably are—without practical value at the present stage of the situation. He and his fellow Liberals are not only far from likely to be placed by the coming election in a position to redeem their promises, but also—even if they should be swept into such a position—they would in all likelihood fail in any attempt to make realities out of such dazzling dreams.

Nevertheless, the mere audacious announcement that unemployment can be cured and that he would cure it, was, when made, by far the most arresting statement elicited in the British electoral campaign. "Unemployment is the clue to the riddle of the polls," one of England's most influential weeklies had remarked but a few days before. "The Party with the positive policy will win." Well, here was "L. G.," plausible as always, with a positive policy—positive, that is, on the face of it; when the chances of its being put into effect were analyzed, much of its positiveness disappeared. Many voters, however, do not stop to analyze. As J. L. Garvin said in the "Observer" of the Lloyd George manifesto: "It is quite certain to make Liberals poll in maximum strength throughout the nation; what that maximum strength may prove to be is, of course, another matter."

THERE ARE some 1,400,000 unemployed in England. Counting the dependents upon this jobless army the total in the British Isles affected by the lack of sufficient work is between four and five millions. Despite a decrease in the total early in the present year the unemployment problem is, and in all probability will be for a long time, a nightmare to every Englishman.

Some students of the situation seek to hearten their fellow countrymen by insisting that things are not as black as they are painted, that much of the pessimism about unemployment has been caused by the inveterate habit among the English of putting themselves and their country in the worst possible light. Such optimists have been calling attention to the fact that Germany's unemployed early this year totaled around 3,000,000, a figure out of all proportion to the British total, despite Germany's larger population. We of the United States, also, with our 3,000,000, roughly, of jobless, are held up before British eyes in an effort to counteract the British tendency toward self-depreciation. Yet not even the most incurable optimist in these Isles denies that the unemployment problem is extremely serious; and most Englishmen, even the optimistic, consider it the most serious problem of all those confronting their country in this first post-war phase of its history.

Into the midst of this chaos of doubt and worry steps Lloyd George with his Liberal panacea. Boiling down his pamphlet to a few words, he promises that, if the Liberals win at the coming election, they will, within one year of coming into power, provide work for nearly 600,000 persons now unemployed, and, within two years, have considerably over 600,000 at work. This revolutionary result is to be brought about, principally, by an intensive campaign of road and bridge building, combined with a comprehensive scheme for the building of large numbers of dwellings, telephone and electrical development, land drainage and transportation improvements in the London area. In addition, activity such as will absorb large numbers of unemployed is contemplated in land reclamation, afforestation, canal building and land settlement.

These are to be the first steps, to cover the first few years (if the Liberals get into power) and absorb the vanguard of the unemployed. Other steps planned for the reduction of unemployment still further are the raising of the school age; securing of assistance and proper conditions for intending emigrants; training of workers for industry and the cultivation of the soil; modifications in the Unemployment Insurance Acts; and various schemes to meet the special situation of the British coal mining industry.

LLOYD GEORGE argues eloquently for the soundness of his remedy and insists, moreover, that it will pay. The financial features are thus summed up in the pamphlet:

"We have certain expenditure on telephone, electrical and transport development which, over a due period, can be justified as an ordinary commercial proposition. Some slight assistance in the way of reduced interest may be required in the first two or three years, but this can be recouped later. We have certain road expenditure offering no great financial return, though a large indirect return in savings to the nation in the cost of transport and otherwise. But to meet the interest and sinking fund on the loan to finance this, we have a steady increase in receipts from motor vehicle taxation year by

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# St. John Ervine's Farewell

*An Interview with* HARRY SALPETER

***The winter theatrical season in New York City was considerably enlivened this year by the feuds inspired by the writings of St. John Ervine, guest dramatic critic of the "World." On the eve of his return to England, Mr. Ervine granted an interview to Harry Salpeter wherein he expressed himself with slight, if any reservation, on many things American—including American life, American men and women, the theatre, intellectuals, culture, Lucy Stoners, the Marx Brothers, Ben Hecht and Heywood Broun***

MR. SALPETER: After having lived for seven months in the city of New York how do you regard it, in relation to the rest of the country?

MR. ERVINE: New York is not a composed city. Its population is made up of disconnected groups which seldom mingle. Israel Zangwill wrote a play called "The Melting Pot" in which he described America as a crucible in which all the races of Europe are to be dissolved and, when purified, reassembled in a single and better race, the American people. I doubt if that is happening and I fear that it may never happen. America may one day break up into several nations.

I suspect that New York is more representative of America than people outside it will admit. It probably influences the manners and behavior of the United States to a great extent, just as London and Paris influence the manners and behavior of the English and French provinces. The restlessness of New York is reflected in other places fairly faithfully, and a notable characteristic of the American people is their extraordinary impatience. They are good starters, but bad stayers: they don't finish well. They want immediate decisions and results. Many American marriages end in the divorce court a year or two after they have been celebrated because the couples have not got the patience and staying power that would enable them to endure the difficulties and troubles that come after the romantic period ends.

An Englishman said to me the other day, "Have you noticed the number of young widows there are in America, widows of fifty and fewer years?" I replied, "Yes!" and he went on to say that their husbands had worked themselves to death. He was not flattering to the American woman. He accused her of enslaving her husband, but I told him that I thought he was mistaken about the widows. The real explanation, surely, is that many young women in America marry men considerably older than themselves. They are too cowardly to undertake the adventure of life with a man of their own age, unless he is wealthy. They demand security, and seek for husbands whose careers are made. I often see young women whose husbands are at least twenty years older than they are. When they reach the age of fifty, their husbands, in the course of nature, have snuffed it.

Do you regard New York's emphasis on the prohibition question as infantile?

I have heard about Prohibition. Where is it practiced? I have been offered liquor in every house in which I have been in America, and I have seen liquor openly demanded and supplied in restaurants in New York. Have you ever been to Hoboken? Nobody over there has ever heard of prohibition.

I BEGIN to believe that I am the sole person in the United States who is obeying the law. I have not tasted intoxicating drink during the whole of my stay in this country, although I drank when I went to Canada. I feel that an alien ought not to break even a bad law. But the Americans seem to have no compunction about breaking it. At one time I lived in an apartment hotel in New York. A waiter told me that a thousand people dined there on New Year's Eve, and I shall not forget his horror and disgust when he told me that he had seen a drunken woman at each table in the dining-room.

What puzzles me is the fact that so many of New York's intellectuals make a point of drinking excessively. To protest against prohibition by making a drunkard of yourself is surely as fatuous as if one were to commit suicide as a protest against capital punishment. But there is, I am sure, less drunkenness in America than many Europeans believe. Over there, the general conviction is that all Americans are soakers, but there are multitudes of people who do not take drink because they disapprove of it or cannot afford to pay the prices asked for liquor, and, of course, there are multitudes of moderate drinkers. The soakers must be few, and, thank God, they will soon be dead. Civilized people do not behave as if all that mattered in the world was drinking.

Is there more drinking in New York than in London?

I don't know. Soakers are the same everywhere. It is harder to obtain a glass of water in London than it is to obtain a glass of gin in New York, but, broadly speaking, I should say that the consumption of liquor, if you omit beer, is no greater in London than it is in New York. The English people are steadily becoming sober. You see we haven't got any prohibition.

Most of the English writers I have interviewed seem to prefer American women to English women.

The American woman is extremely attractive, but not so attractive as all that. There are, of course, a tremendous number of good-looking women in the United States, and the majority of them are smart. They have style. But they are not preferable to English women, or even better looking. They are softer. They can't stand up to life so well. They throw up their hands too quickly. They are much more vivacious than English girls, and there is more expression in their faces. Our girls are trained in self-restraint. They try to conceal their feelings—or perhaps I ought to say that prior to the War they were trained in that fashion. The post-war girl is a very different person from the pre-war girl—better in some respects, not so fine in others.

The American girl is very, very attractive, and, given security so far as money is concerned, she puts up a good show as a mother, though not such a good show as a wife. But I oughtn't to generalize in this fashion. How absurd of me to talk as if I were personally acquainted with each one of the millions of women in America!

In what respect is the American theatre inferior to the English theatre, and in what respect is the English theatre inferior to the American?

I should say that the English theatre *at present*—mark that!—*at present* is inferior to the American theatre, in

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nearly every respect. Our actors are superior to yours, but your actresses are superior to ours. We have too many young lady amateurs on our stage, but if Mr. Arthur Hopkins has his way you'll soon have more than enough on your stage. There are more good directors in New York than in London—Kaufman, Abbott, McClintic, Moeller and Winchell Smith seem to me to be almost unmatchable.

That paltry latrine piece, "The Front Page," would have been nothing without Kaufman's direction. Moeller can do things with a play that were not dreamt of by the author in his philosophy, and Guthrie McClintic can make a play out of a scenario. Abbott and Winchell Smith have uncanny feeling for the theatre. Character-actors in New York are magnificent, but good drawing-room comedy actors are rare.

There are a great many very accomplished musical comedy actresses in New York, more than there are in London. They can sing and dance and act and they are beautiful. A combination of these talents and looks is unusual. Yet I think I could name six or seven girls on the musical comedy stage in New York who possess them. You have some astonishingly good comedians, too. Will Rogers is a great comedian, as native as Niagara, a witty man and a wise man. Eddie Cantor is another comedian of genius and I like enormously Bert Lahr. The Marx Brothers are not funny. They're a highbrow fad. Another year will finish them! Harpo has some talent, although one tires of some of his tricks. Groucho makes seventeen dismal remarks before he makes one that is funny, and leaves you so limp and tired with his dull stuff that you have no strength to laugh at the funny bit.

There is a tremendously good comedienne in New York—Fanny Brice. Your theatre is a richer and more exuberant theatre than ours, and it has a more adventurous and enthusiastic audience. The English audience seems to have lost its interest in the drama. You, of course, have a more vigorous population to draw upon than has any European country. The men who should now be in authority in Europe are in their graves, and we shall not have power again until a new generation has grown up.

Assuming that the American theatre is superior to the English theatre, do you consider that it reaches the standard of what a good theatre should be?

Far from it. The quality of the plays is not as good as it ought to be, and that is because the quality of the managers is poor. I am speaking generally, of course. If the majority of managers are men of poor taste, then

*ST. JOHN ERVINE*
*A drawing by Harold S. Barbour*

the majority of the plays they produce will be third-rate. The disquieting thing about your theatre, and largely this is the fault of your managers, is that you still depend upon Europe for your plays of quality. There is an abundance of home-made rubbish, but a lamentable lack of home-made plays of quality. Take the record of the Theatre Guild, and of Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. The Theatre Guild has produced about sixty plays in ten years, of which only twelve or thirteen were by nine American authors. Miss Le Gallienne in three years has produced thirteen plays of which three were by Americans.

That would alarm me if I were an American. You ought, in this time of Europe's distress, to be repaying some of the debt of culture you owe to her, but you are not. You are still sucking nourishment from her, and because she is weak, you are weak. Too many of your authors are preoccupied by topical events. They dramatize newspaper reports, and their plays will be forgotten as quickly as last Tuesday's morning paper. And they work too much in collaboration. Great plays are written by individuals, not by committees.

If American managers are drawing upon Europe for their fare, why is it that the European theatre is inferior to the American?

The European manager is more timid than the American manager because his audience is too exhausted to be interested in experiments. But the chief stimulant of the American manager is the Theatre Guild. He has always before him the spectacle of this brave and successful enterprise, and when he is offered a piece which is beyond his comprehension or which seems to him to be unusual, he can comfort his mind with the thought that the Theatre Guild successfully produces such pieces. The European manager has no such stimulant to good productions. The Theatre Guild has many claims on the gratitude of the American people: its chief claim is that it has set an example of courage to the other managers and induced them to aspire beyond the range of their own minds.

What plays have you seen that you liked?

Quite a number, but I can tell you better what kinds I have disliked. I am sick of plays about gunmen, gangsters, noble crooks, bootleggers, hijackers, young women who drink cocktails and are raped, young women who wish to lead their own lives and cannot stop yammering about it. I am sick of mechanistic-morality plays in which morbid authors tell us how dull are the lives of bank clerks when, in fact, it is the morbid authors whose lives are dull. What bores these fellows are, with their tiresome unpoetic, photographic minds, and their mawkishly sentimental cynicism.

But I am especially sick of the play which is full of foul speech. There is a sort of sewer-rat author who exploits the low taste of the herd in the pretense that he is serving the higher interests of literature and freedom of thought.

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The fellow's a liar. He is simply trying to make money out of the prurient curiosity of the adolescent and the mentally arrested. Trench language is essential to such a play as "What Price Glory?" Without it, the atmosphere of the War could not properly be created. But some of the lavatory-authors who came after the authors of that play stuffed their dialogue with dirty speech merely to make a sensation and tickle the herd. These fellows thought that the trench language in "What Price Glory?" was put in to ginger it up, but the trench language *belonged* to that play. The play would not have had life without it. In the imitations of "What Price Glory?" the foul speech was irrelevantly added, was not essential, did not belong. The authors of "What Price Glory?" were full of moral fury and high passion, but the authors of "Jarnegan" and "The Front Page" and the Mae West stuff are common hucksters who would write sickening Sunday school stuff as readily as they write rough-house plays if they were paid enough for it.

Is it your impression that Americans, especially New Yorkers, write and speak more loosely than they live or is there some consistency between their conduct and their speech?

I don't know. There are all sorts of Americans just as there are all sorts of Europeans. I read in the newspapers of hold-ups, shootings, gang wars and every sort of night-club horror, but I have never seen anything more sensational in New York than two taxicabs colliding.

Well, will you say that the level of speech and conduct on the American stage is lower than the level of speech and conduct on the English stage?

Yes.

Would you deduce from that that there is more vulgarity in American social life than in English social life?

No. Among the several causes of the collapse of the New York theatre is the fact that the standard of speech and behavior in the plays is lower than the standard of speech and behavior in life. Decently bred people do not care to subject themselves or their families to the humiliation of hearing for two or three hours language that they would not tolerate for five seconds in their own homes. Provincial people are more easily offended by it than metropolitans.

Now, this is not a question of morals, it is a question of taste. I do not choose to associate with drunken and foul-mouthed dockers. We should be bored to death if we had to spend much of our time with uneducated and ill-behaved people. Yet we are expected to enjoy in the theatre what would make us yawn our heads off in life. Jejeune people, foul-mouthed people, manner-less people, drunken people—all of these are as tedious on the stage as they are off it.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not pleading for a sterilized drama or one in which only very refined persons are to be found. I am pleading for some observation of the proportions of life, and I am protesting against the current idea that a drunkard, *qua* drunkard, or a foul-mouthed fellow, *qua* foul-mouthed fellow, is interesting. Something more than that is necessary if your attention is to be engaged.

Then you think that the American manager is not a good judge of public taste?

Very few modern managers of any nationality are. How can they be? Their lives are narrow and uninformed. Many managers are almost illiterate. Some of them are wholly illiterate. In London lately, one of them was examined in bankruptcy. He acknowledged that he could neither read nor write. In the movie world, I am told, a man who can make his mark is considered to be highly educated. The average manager lives in the remote village of Broadway where he is surrounded by flatterers and sycophants and trade rivals. His reading is restricted to the box-office returns. He knows of nothing or anybody outside his village. He is the original hick, the first hayseed, and he will be the final butter-and-egg man, the last of the mutts. How can he hope to be a judge of public taste when he does not mingle in the normal public life?

Do you believe in the genuineness of the American desire for culture which so many flattering visitors tell us we possess?

There is a good deal of pecking at ideas here. People read about books rather than read books. Women spend a deal of time in picking the brains of informed people so that they may have luncheon and dinner-table conversation, but I seldom find that they have seriously read the books about which they are so bright. Several years ago, the secretary of an American Woman's Club wrote to me in London. She told me that her society had decided to study drama during the coming winter. Could I tell her of the name of a good book on the subject? During the previous winter, they had studied music. In the winter before that, they had applied their minds to philosophy. I gave her what information I could and added that in my effete country people gave their lives to the study of one of the subjects which her club disposed of in a single winter.

I daresay, though, that this pecking at ideas is universal. It is only more apparent in America where curiosity is greater and franker than anywhere else. Europeans live more intuitively than Americans do. They accept certain facts without question. They *know* that they are there and feel under no obligation to talk about them since everybody else knows that they are there, too. But in America people are still questing, and they will argue about the obvious as if it were the unknown. Europeans do not excite themselves over the fact that two and two make four: Americans do. Perhaps that is wisdom. Perhaps Europe would be a happier place if we could thrill ourselves with the obvious.

Do you think that women have done good or ill to the cultural life of America?

Some good, because it is better to take even a superficial interest in the fine features of life than to take none, but a great deal of bad because they have created an impression that culture is an effeminate thing, that love of literature and poetry is an exclusively womanish affair. But poetry throughout the ages has been chiefly a masculine product, and you must have observed that in times of national crisis and national emotion, people instinctively attempt to express their feelings in poetry. More verse was written in the trenches during the War than had been written in twice as many years before the War. When a boy falls in love, he writes verse. When he fights for his country, he writes verse. Whenever he is stirred to the depths of his finest emotions, he writes verse. But he does not write verse when he becomes a member of the Stock Exchange, nor does he write verse when he successfully corners wheat or merges one company in another. Money making never drew a song out of anybody, but love-making and war-making and any en-

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gagement that makes a demand on a man's nobility instantly turn him to thoughts of verse. Poetry is the conversation of heroes. It is the most manly stuff that a man can write. Here in America it has been womanized, and men, who should be reveling in it, are ashamed to be seen reading it lest they should be called "sissies" and "lounge lizards." Do you wonder that the soul seems to be vanishing from America when you find that foul pieces of drama, such as "The Front Page," are considered to be robust and masculine, and any piece of poetry is stigmatized as a piece of effeminacy.

Have you not at some time made scornful references to "advanced" women?

Yes, frightful bores. Look at the specimens you have in New York. My God, I'd run two miles to avoid them. Have you ever encountered a Lucy Stoner? Aren't they the limit? They'll solemnly tell you that they must keep their maiden names after they are married because to abandon them would be to abandon their individuality! Can you beat it? All the personality the poor soul has got consists apparently of her maiden name.

Which she got from her father.

Exactly. She is willing to take the name of her father whom she did not choose, but refuses to take the name of her husband whom she did. She'll bear children to a man, but she won't bear his name. I don't care what name a man and a woman who are married take, provided that they share one. That is socially convenient. This Lucy Stone stuff is professed, of course, by the less intelligent feminists who think that a mere tag or label is important. The great feminists were not stupid. All the leaders of the suffragists, the brainy women, called themselves by their married names—Mrs. Pankhurst, for example—and did not fritter away their intelligence and energies on this Miss stuff.

AMONG what groups of Americans have you found the highest level of intelligence? What kind of Americans do you like best?

Professional men. I like doctors, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, men of affairs. I dislike literary men in the lump—very dull people, although, of course, I have immense affection for individual authors. The general assumption that a writer merely because he is a writer is more interesting than any other sort of person seems to me to be one of the world's silliest illusions. And when you descend to the semi-intellectuals, the half-intelligent, the pseudo-aesthetes, Oh, my God, Oh, my God! The speakeasies, I am told, are crammed with these persons. That's good! Let's hope they will all drink themselves quickly to death or pass into an alcoholic coma from which they will never recover.

Do you feel that these semi-intellectuals, as you call them, suffer from too much money and leisure?

The majority of them seem to me to be overpaid for what they do. I would gladly give them more leisure.

NOW, what is your opinion of New York? Do you feel that it has too good a time compared with the rest of the country?

Perhaps. A friend of mine, an accountant, who travels all over the United States, examining the affairs of businesses, tells me that the tale of American prosperity is greatly exaggerated. New York and Chicago and other big cities are prosperous, but there is real hardship outside these cities, especially in small towns in the Middle West. I, of course, know nothing about that. New York certainly suggests immense wealth, and I detect in people whom I meet an air of confidence that I should have thought was only to be found in people who are pretty sure of themselves. There is one fact about New York which almost instantly strikes every alien who comes to it.

What is that?

The fact that you never see a prostitute in the streets. I have lived in New York on two separate occasions, once for three months, and this time for seven months, but I have never seen a woman in its streets who seemed to me to be a prostitute, nor have I ever been accosted. Other Englishmen will tell you the same story. An American friend to whom I said this, told me that he had lived in New York all his life but had never been accosted. Now, that's odd! Prostitution is part of the routine of great cities. It would not be possible to walk along Piccadilly or Regent Street, even in the morning or afternoon, and certainly not at night, without being ogled by at least a dozen prostitutes. That is true, too, of Paris and of all large European cities. But it is not true of New York, although, so Americans have informed me, it is true of Chicago and Philadelphia.

Have you drawn any conclusion from that?

No, I haven't. How can I? I merely say that it is a fact, but I can't account for it. My American friend, to whom I have just referred, says that Tammany Hall drove the prostitutes off the streets. He says that speakeasies are full of them.

Is the absence of prostitutes from the New York streets due, do you think, to the single-standard?

No. That standard has not abolished the prostitute from European streets. Perhaps the competition of the amateur with the professional, of which we hear so much, has had this result, but I don't know. Mind, I'm not saying that there are no prostitutes in New York. But it is not apparent as it is elsewhere.

Have you found greater or less toleration of heterodox opinion here than you expected?

Curiosity about heterodox opinions, provided there is no danger of them becoming practical, is rife. I doubt if many persons will listen tolerantly to a discussion of Bolshevism—that's too ominous and actual—but I fancy that a discussion of trial marriages would attract a crowd because it is unlikely that there will be a system of trial marriages put into practice, openly, tomorrow. People here are more willing to discuss abstractions than Europeans are.

I SUPPOSE the greatest change I have noticed in America since I was here nine years ago, is in the men. During my first visit, I said to a friend, as we walked through the streets of New York, "Where are all the young men?" He pointed to a group of bald, orbicular men, and said, "There are some of them!" They were paunchy fellows, with flabby stomachs that bulged over belts. Their faces had fattened or sagged and they were bald, or becoming bald. Heywood Broun is the last of the flabby-bellied, orbicular Americans—the sort that are led by the nose by their women and told what to say and do. I thought that they were the ugliest-looking men I had ever seen.

But today all that has been considerably changed and a race of handsome men is springing up in America: trim men, with lean, lithe athletic figures and fine carriage.

I see signs in the street that a handsomer set of men, trimmer and fitter, is coming into American life than was here nine years ago. I greatly like the

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# The Trend of Events

## Gauging Prohibition Feeling

EMOTION aroused by prohibition seems to ebb and flow like the tides. Within a month it was at the ebb; since then it has been coming to the flood. It has been like an intermittent fever. The temperature, which early in March was about normal, appears recently to have been rising.

Our daily press in its editorial pages registers fairly well this rise and fall of prohibition feeling. It is a rough sort of tidal gauge—or, if you prefer, an approximately accurate clinical thermometer. Of course there are certain newspapers that always become agitated when prohibition is mentioned; but most so-called organs of public opinion have periods of calmness. Such a period when both wets and drys were inclined toward reasonableness rather than emotionalism was at the time when they were discussing Mr. Hoover's announcement of his intention to investigate the disregard for law, including disregard for the Eighteenth Amendment and the act for its enforcement. Now that attitude of reasonableness toward prohibition has been changed into one of belligerency. Again the press is at the old fight again as if it had never been fought before. Once more there is fever. Once more the tide is high.

Two incidents seem to be chiefly responsible for this attack of temper. Neither has very close bearing upon the merits or demerits of any particular form of liquor legislation; but each had its dramatic and even tragic aspects, and each could be used as an appeal to the feelings. One was the killing of the wife of an alleged liquor-seller by a deputy sheriff in Illinois. The other was the sinking of the rum-running schooner, I'm Alone, two hundred miles off the Louisiana coast by a Coast Guard cutter.

The tragedy at Aurora, Illinois, has evoked the less comment but the more feeling. The fact that the victim was a woman and that the deputy sheriff was wounded in turn by her twelve-year old son has afforded an opportunity to picture prohibition enforcement as a form of fanaticism that spares neither women nor children. Coming, too, just after the enactment of the stringent Jones Law, which increases the maximum penalty for bootlegging, and the prompt declaration of New York lawyers to come to the defense of trivial offenders in peril of disproportionate punishment, it has served to put fire into protests from newspapers opposed to prohibition. New ardor thus characterizes the asseyerations that protecting accused persons against an unreasonable law is not an invitation to crime, that attempts to compel one community to submit to the moral sense of another community should be resisted, and that

Kirby in the New York World

*"Which side are we on today, Juan?"*

lawlessness does not excuse lawlessness. Michigan's decision to change her law so that the sale of a pint of liquor, even if it is a fourth offense, need not send the seller to prison for life somewhat soothes otherwise savage breasts. On the other hand defenders of prohibition say that cities that are centers of crime cannot be allowed to set the standards for the whole Nation and that the Jones Law has put fear into the hearts of those who conduct speakeasies. The only conclusion that these high feelings lead to is that prohibition in these United States is still the mostly acutely controversial of questions.

It may be just as well so, for emotion over prohibition has perhaps saved us from emotion over what otherwise might have become a somewhat inflammatory international incident. The fact that it was the prohibition law the I'm Alone was violating has saved a number of newspapers from the temptation to become excited about our rights on the sea. The general opinion is that we dealt legally with a notorious rum-runner; but wet newspapers find it hard not to draw the lesson that prohibition is ultimately at fault. It is not going to be another case of the Virginius, or another Trent affair; but wet newspapers think our Coast Guard was too zealous and might have been more considerate of foreigners who were doing only what many Americans condone ashore. So there is a disposition to see the other side—a disposition that is rare in most international disputes. Indeed from any editorial on this subject one may guess with some confidence whether the newspaper in which it appears is for or against prohibition. Was, for example, the I'm Alone like a slaver after 1808, when the slave-trade was outlawed by the Constitution? Even more lawless, says the "Springfield Republican," because slave-selling was legal within the United States up to the Civil War, while liquor-selling is not. Not so lawless, says the Boston "Transcript," because slavery was outlawed throughout the civilized world outside the United States while liquor is not. So the argument turns to prohibition and international ill-feeling is starved out for want of attention. With emotions diverted to this domestic question, it seems to be easy for the American press to view the sea law involved in this case with detachment.

## Stimson's Full-Time Job

INDEED WITH REGARD to all our international relations as well as this international incident the press of this country just now is disposed to be tolerant and broad-minded. It wonders, with gravity or amusement as temperament or mood may govern the editorial thoughts, how the new Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, is going to deal with his new problems. As he takes office he finds experts in the State Department less confident about our rights in the case of the I'm Alone than the Coast Guard and the Secretary of the Treasury seem to be. He inherits the good will engendered by the Peace Pact negotiated by his predecessor, but he also inherits some questions quite capable of becoming irritating. He finds a revolution in full blast across our Southern border. He finds several situations in other parts of Latin America that may at any time test both his decision and his tact. He is likely to encounter soon

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Kirby in the New York World

*Other times, other manners*

the raising of the old question of recognizing Russia. He will have to carry on the long drawn out negotiations about reduction of armaments and particularly about relative naval armaments and the exercise of sea power. He enters upon his duties on the eve of a Special Session of Congress that is going to raise again the recurrent tariff issue. He has already spoken his mind, hotly say some, eloquently all agree, about the proposal to put a tariff on Philippine products as if they were foreign and yet of holding the Philippines to a position of dependence. To this proposal he finds a true parallel in the policies of George III. But his troubles with the tariff will not stop there. They will bob up as one country after another will find its products barred or impeded by new tariff rates. Here, in particular, is Canada, with whom we have several diplomatic questions. We want her co-operation in control of liquor smuggling. We want to come to some agreement with her concerning the St. Lawrence water way from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes. A Canada irritated by our tariff on her farm products will not be easy to deal with—so at least American editors opine. Then too the question—or, as our Government prefers to say, questions, separate and distinct—of reparations and interallied debts, now once more acute, cannot fail to challenge the ability of the new Secretary of State. And of course the controversy over the World Court raised anew by the Root formula that is clearly obnoxious to such irreconcilables as Senators Borah and Johnson is already buzzing about Mr. Stimson's ears.

Here are the questions which the press of the country has selected for special mention as tests which the new Secretary of State will be called upon to pass. On the whole the press expects him to pass them. He is not inexperienced, or emotional, or rash. Newspapers of idealistic stamp are not unfriendly, but are not sure that the defects of his qualities will be outweighed by their merits; but no newspaper denies his ability or questions his capacity for cool judgment.

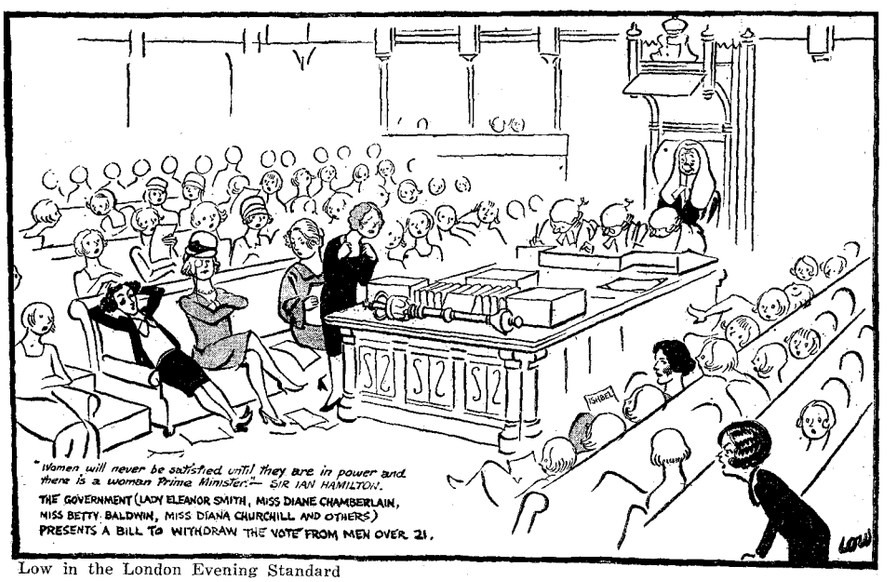
And all newspapers await with interest the diplomatic appointments that will mark his régime. Pending his arrival, the President has postponed the selection of new envoys. There seems to be an impression in the editorial offices of the daily press that the Hoover Administration is to be distinguished by a new kind of diplomacy—or rather by emphasis on a kind of diplomacy that is yet but rudimentary. That seems to be the reason for the persistence of the rumor that former Vice President Charles G. Dawes may be Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Tact and grace are, it is surmised, to give way to economic knowledge and forthright methods.

Under no other consideration could the otherwise unthinkable selection of ex-Governor Fuller for a diplomatic post be considered in some quarters as credible—though the report is declared to be unfounded. Mr. Fuller is honest, tenacious, and forthright enough, and has had business experience, but he is declared in his own State to be qualified for diplomacy by neither knowledge, background, experience, education, nor talent. To send him, or any one else temperamentally unfitted for tactful negotiation, to Paris as successor to Myron Herrick, whose death is universally lamented, would be, it is generally agreed, a calamity.

But there is a widespread feeling that the time has come to have the United States represented in important posts abroad by men of achievement. How such a policy as is ascribed to the Hoover Administration would affect the so-called career men in the diplomatic service appears not to be much discussed. There is at least no disposition to argue that it is necessarily inconsistent with the other policy announced by Mr. Hoover that men who have served their country well in public office need have no fear of being disturbed. To reconcile the practice of using men as envoys who are imbued with the spirit of their country with the practice of encouraging men to enter the diplomatic service with the prospect of advancement is just another of the problems that Mr. Stimson will have to solve.

## ▸▸*Signs of Leadership*

Though not strictly within the scope of America's foreign policy, since America is not officially represented, the negotiations about reparations cannot leave the Government unconcerned. American press opinion is in favor of reasonable concessions to Germany, but it also appears to hold that such reasonable concessions have been embodied in the allied proposals to Germany. No blood is wanted from a turnip; but some settlement based on such mutual concessions as have already been made is certainly wanted and seems to be ex-


"Women will never be satisfied until they are in power and there is a woman Prime Minister."— SIR IAN HAMILTON.
THE GOVERNMENT (LADY ELEANOR SMITH, MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN, MISS BETTY BALDWIN, MISS DIANA CHURCHILL AND OTHERS) PRESENTS A BILL TO WITHDRAW THE VOTE FROM MEN OVER 21.
LOW

Low in the London Evening Standard

*The Parliament of the future?*

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pected. Dr. Hugenberger's appeal issued to some three thousand American leaders of opinion is regarded as the impertinent outbreak of a Junker who understands his own country as little as he understands the country he addresses. What is rather impatiently awaited is some arrangement that will change the whole problem of reparations and allied debts from a political issue to a matter of bookkeeping. Leadership in that change seems now to be in the hands of Owen D. Young. It has not yet fallen, and may never need to fall, into the hands of the President—except as the President may quietly supply such backing from Washington as Mr. Young and his colleagues need.

On two domestic subjects Mr. Hoover's leadership is open and is hailed with almost unqualified praise.

Of these the more important is his attack upon the corrupt and corrupting system of Federal patronage in the South with his warning to Republican managers in certain Southern States that they must suggest worthy appointees or lose the privilege of making recommendations. Every President must be not only Chief Magistrate of the Nation but also leader of his party. His assumption of leadership by this call to clean house is welcomed no less by political opponents than by political supporters. The price that will have to be paid may be the loss of many negro votes and will certainly be the loss of power to corral negro delegates to Republican National conventions; but that price is one which editors, without regard to party, believe is well within the value of what will be gained not only for the party but also for the Nation. The most direct benefit will, it is assumed, be felt by the South. There National leaders have been scarce in recent generations because there has been little chance for any leadership except in local affairs. Now, for the first time since the Civil War, the door is opened for the South to take its place as a source from which a fair proportion of leaders may hereafter be drawn in the service of the Nation. So at least thinks the press.

The other subject on which Mr. Hoover's leadership has been discerned is that of immigration. In the forthcoming special session of Congress there will be an attempt made to postpone or repeal the law which bases immigrant quotas not on the foreign born in the country as shown by the census of 1890, but on national origins, that is on the proportion of national strains in the population as a whole. It is conceded even by strong opponents that the national origins plan is the more reasonable; but it seems quite generally assumed that national origins of the population cannot by any determinable statistics be discovered. Mr. Hoover, who was one of those charged with collating the statistics, has said, and still holds, that there are no statistics available that can serve as a scientific basis. Officials in the census bureau now say that such statistics are virtually as accurate as those of the census of 1890. But certain groups of alien birth or parentage are up in arms against the change—particularly Irish and Germans. Their protests of course have made an impression, but Mr. Hoover's opposition has made an impression much deeper. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Hoover's word will be able to overturn an act of Congress that purports to give a fairer representation in our immigrant quotas to the old Colonial stock.

Underwood

*OFF ON A FINANCIAL MISSION*

*Charles G. Dawes, former Vice President, has been called to San Domingo as doctor to the Republic's finances*

## ▸▸*Uncle Sam, Money Mentor*

THE SUCCESS of the United States in developing its financial system has begun to create an unprecedented impression throughout the world. Envy and dislike are supposed to be the feelings of other nations in contemplating the phenomenal prosperity of America; but curiosity and a desire to emulate appear to be just as frequent. Countries with sick currencies and lowered economic vitality turn to the United States for expert advice—and not merely because helpful loans may be secured in New York. That might be arranged in any case; but to learn how America manages its funds and how to apply its methods in other lands is the real end in view.

Charles G. Dawes, who was chairman of the international commission of experts that devised the plan for German reparations before he became Vice President, heads the latest American financial mission which has just sailed for the Dominican Republic. General Vasquez, the Dominican President, invited him in a letter sent on March 1 to act as chairman of an advisory body to recommend methods for reorganization of the financial administration and for installation of a scientific budget system and of means of control of expenditure. In accepting, General Dawes made it clear that he and his associates would in no way concern themselves with questions of internal policy.

Another similar mission, under the direction of Professor Edwin W. Kemmerer of Princeton, is on the ground in China. Professor Kemmerer has been financial mentor to a whole series of countries—Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Guatemala, Mexico, Poland and South Africa—and the reformation of the complicated monetary system of China is the biggest task he has ever tackled. He declares that the three fallacies he finds most responsible for unsound financial laws, particularly in new nations, are: Confusion between money and capital; the theory that no nation with an excess of exports over imports can maintain a gold standard currency; and the making of a fetish out of a gold reserve, instead of using it as a credit regulating fund.

Meanwhile, his successor in Poland, Charles S. Dewey, now financial adviser to the Polish Government, reports that the currency stabilization plan is working smoothly there, the budget well balanced and the receipts from customs

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covering many times over the amount needed for service of the stabilization loan, although the trade balance is unfavorable. Evidently there is practical common sense magic in Uncle Sam's financial advice.

### ▸▸*A Sailor-Lady Corrected*

JOAN LOWELL, whose "best seller," "The Cradle of the Deep," purports to recount the adventures of an early life at sea, has come in for criticism from doubting Thomases.

In essaying to record her adventures at sea she has run foul of numerous nautical critics. One of the best of them, Lincoln Colcord, writes in the New York "Herald-Tribune:"

"In the use of nautical terms, Miss Lowell goes sadly adrift. She makes the sailors go aloft to 'reef down the topsails' aboard a schooner; she has them 'bend every inch of sail to hurry the ship' to catch a squall; soon the crew is 'reeving on new canvas;' anon they are 'hauling in the spanker tackle.' Caught among icebergs in the South Pacific, the mate observes, 'We better get the fog horn out and the riding lights trimmed.' Next, in order to keep the ship from drifting on an iceberg, they 'throw over the kedge anchors,' after which 'father ordered the rope bumpers put out, and two cork buoys lowered over the bowsprit to break the crash if we hit the iceberg.'

"The landsman reader may think that these are points where there might be a difference of opinion; to me they simply are nautical monstrosities. For instance, there are no topsails on a schooner that can be reefed; to 'bend' a sail is to fasten it to its spars, not to 'set' it; the verb 'reeve' can only be applied to a rope; the 'riding light' is what you hang up in port when at anchor; and no ship ever cast anchor on the high seas."

Mr. Colcord's points seem to be very well taken and to bear out his conclusions that while "The Cradle of the Deep" might be a good scenario for a movie it is not necessarily either history or autobiography.

### ▸▸*The Conquest of Lucifer*

IF WE CAN LEARN to make synthetic proteins we may learn to imitate the secret of the firefly which furnishes cold light.

Luciferin is the romantic name of the protein which emits light when it oxidises on the tail of the firefly or on certain of the bacterial molds which sometimes form colonies on fishes, sandflies, and meats. Research on these fascinating problems is now being conducted by several men of science, particularly Dr. Newton E. Harvey of Princeton. Dr. Harvey recently suggested the future possibility of synthesizing artificial fireflies as large as peacocks for home illumination—this, of course and always, provided we fathom the secret of animal light.

Not over five per cent of the energy of the electricity which courses through an electric lamp comes out as light, but the firefly converts virtually 100 per cent of his expenditure to the same purpose. Man has a long way to go before he equals Nature's organic lamps. Yet Dr. Harvey explains that we can already synthesize simple proteins and may learn to make luciferin.

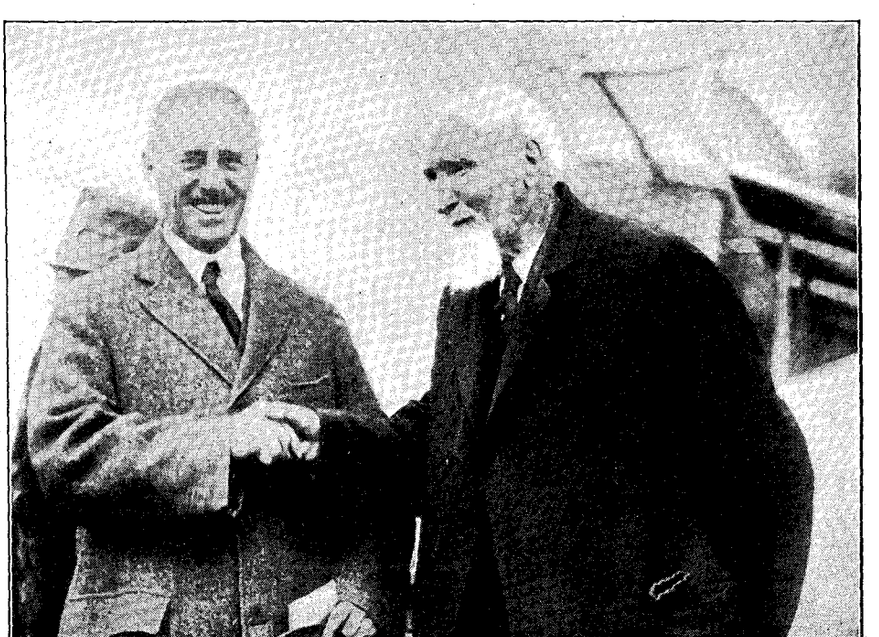
Scientists have found that this mysterious substance after it has become oxidized by giving out light may be reconverted to its original form—this, in fact, is just what a firefly is doing between signals to its would-be-mate—and Dr. Harvey describes a light, purely experimental, weak and not at all likely to upset stock market prices on electric shares, in which the cycle described above goes on continuously in different parts.

We do not obtain our light at present by oxidation of luciferin but by heating filaments of tungsten electrically until they glow. Most of the energy employed is, however, converted into invisible heat rays. To convert a larger share of the energy into light we raise the temperature of the filament. The change from the old carbon filament lamp to the present tungsten filament lamp, which can withstand a much higher temperature, permitted an increase of our light output of only five per cent. If we had a substance which we could heat to several hundred thousand degrees we could compete in efficiency by this comparatively crude method with the luciferin of the firefly. But we employ this method only because it is the best we have.

### ▸▸*Modern Giants*

BIGNESS IN BUSINESS is no longer presumably badness. Wherever efficiency and conservation can be promoted by combinations that may incidentally restrain trade but nevertheless be of essential service to the public, the burden of proof is now upon those who would stand in the way.

A quarter of a century ago any attempt on the part of oil interests to combine or agree for the purpose of curtailing production would have been greeted with an outcry of protest. Such an agreement or combination would have been regarded as an obvious attempt to exercise tyranny and to exploit the consumer. But now, when the



Wide World

*THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE COMES HOME*

*Colonel Henry L. Stimson was greeted by Captain Robert Dollar upon his arrival in San Francisco, en route from the Philippines to Washington*

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oil industry of the Western Hemisphere, represented by the American Petroleum Institute, announces that it intends to restrict production to the level of that in 1928, the concerns taking part are generally regarded as making a great contribution to the cause of conservation and are commended for following the example set by the President of the United States in his effort to stop waste of our oil resources.

It is true that the Attorney-General of the United States and the Federal Trade Commission will investigate the Petroleum Institute's plan. Of course the Government is not going to stand by idle and see prices unnecessarily raised. But the fact that this plan is alleged to comply with the advice of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, on which are represented the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce and the Interior, indicates how far we have moved from the old era of trust-busting.

At the same time comes the announcement that about two hundred American citizens have urged the President to convoke an international conference on the conservation of natural resources. This request is appropriately submitted by the former Forester of the United States, Governor of Pennsylvania and conservationist, Gifford Pinchot. Conservation has become an international issue.

At the same time the Commerce Committee of the American Bar Association has discussed proposals for modifying the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in order to adapt it to modern conditions and to free it from restrictions that were imposed in a day when there was greater faith than at present in the saving power of mere competition.

## The Europa

ALTHOUGH German shipping suffered a staggering loss in the fire which all but destroyed the new North German Lloyd liner, Europa, in the yards at Hamburg, the company announces that the ship will be rebuilt as soon as possible. But all hope that she will put to sea for her maiden voyage on August 21, the scheduled sailing date, is, of course, gone.

With her sister ship, the Bremen, now under construction in the shipyards at Bremen, the Europa is Germany's bid for a new place in the sun of transatlantic steamship travel. The two ships, of 46,000 tons each, will be smaller only than the Majestic, the Leviathan and the Berengaria. Their speed is faster than that of any of the large passenger ships with the possible exception of the Mauretania.

Although an investigation has been rigidly pursued, so far no decision has been reached as to the cause of the fire. While a short circuit has been advanced as a possible explanation, Hamburg police are more inclined to believe that it was deliberately set, possibly by Communists. This theory is bolstered, it is said, by the fact that the fire apparently caught in various parts of the ship at the same time. The loss is fixed at about $11,000,000, most of which is covered by insurance. Since the ship had not yet been turned over to the owners, the loss must be borne by the builders.

## Remarkable Remarks

There is no privacy about this retired life at all.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

As far as possible prohibition agents should avoid shooting women. —ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Our ancestors were more touchy than we. They fought England about tea.—EDWARD HOPE.

I absolutely will not shoot off my mouth about my new job.—SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON.

The American Legion is the greatest, the most powerful organization in the country today.—JOHN G. SARGENT.

There is no such thing as personal liberty in a republic.—SENATOR JONES.

The worst thing you can possibly do to a woman is to deprive her of a grievance.—BEVERLEY NICHOLS.

Parental authority is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—DR. WILL DURANT.

Good looks are rather more important to a man than to a woman. —HEYWOOD BROUN.

God is down in Wall Street and he is watching.—REV. DR. ROBERT NORWOOD.

## Myron T. Herrick

WHEN WAR BROKE OUT in Europe Myron Herrick, who died last week, was our Ambassador to France. He was about to yield his post to a deserving Democrat. His furniture was packed. His residence was in disarray. But with the outbreak of the War President Wilson saw that his continuing services, for a while at least, were indispensable. Mr. Herrick won the admiration and affection of the French by remaining in Paris when the Government of the Republic retired from the capital to a safer place. And he won also the regard and respect of other peoples, including Germans, whose interests in that crisis he took in charge.

After several years he was reappointed by President Harding to the post of Paris and there faced a more difficult situation than he had managed during the War; for feelings had changed and Americans and French were not quite so mutually trustful as they had been. But this time also Mr. Herrick, remaining thoroughly American, continued to hold the affection of the people of France and the confidence of its successive Governments.

Few Ambassadors have left such a record, equally prized at home and abroad.

## Henry Allen Advances

WHILE THE genial William Allen White was marching behind the banner of Senator Curtis for President at the Republican National Convention, his friend and erstwhile fellow Bull Mooser from Kansas, Henry J. Allen, was outside of the Kansas ranks and in the growing company of supporters of Hoover.

Mr. White helped the Senator to land the candidacy for the Vice Presidency. Now Mr. Allen has received from the Governor of his State on a platter the offer of the Senatorship which Mr. Curtis vacated. There is irony in the fact that Mr. Curtis held to his Senatorship until the Governor came into office who would appoint his former opponent to his place. There will be no chance in the Senate for Mr. Allen to withstand Mr. Curtis, for the Vice President is presumably a neutral presiding officer; but he will have a very good chance to be one of the most outspoken and effective supporters of the President and his policies.

In his way Henry Allen is as genial and disposed to treat public questions with a saving sense of humor as his neighbor, William Allen White; but he has had experience in public office which will probably stand him in good stead

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in his new position. As Governor of Kansas he made a name for himself by helping to put through a then novel law for the settlement of industrial disputes, and though part of that law has tumbled under court attack, Mr. Allen's reputation has been unharmed. There is prospect, too, that he will help to contribute to such animation as the dignified Senate allows.

### ▸▸*The Medicine Ball Cabinet*

THE PRESIDENT, the dispatches from Washington record, has taken up the passing of a medicine ball as a form of exercise. His before-breakfast athletics takes place in a secluded part of the White House grounds in company with a few friends, mainly Government officials, invited to take part in this beneficial, if not very thrilling, sport.

Roosevelt, it will be remembered, enjoyed in the White House such vigorous sports as single stick and boxing. It was during a boxing match that President Roosevelt suffered an injury which resulted in the loss of sight in one of his eyes. It was not until years afterwards that this injury became of general knowledge. Perhaps it will be a long time before we get another President who gets his exercise out of sport rather than trying to get sport out of exercise.

Anyhow, Mr. Hoover ought to get as much fun out of a medicine ball as his predecessor had from his ride on an electric horse. We hope that we shall be forgiven for thinking, however, that exercise per se is to physical recreation what a concentrated emergency army ration is to a dinner prepared by a French chef.

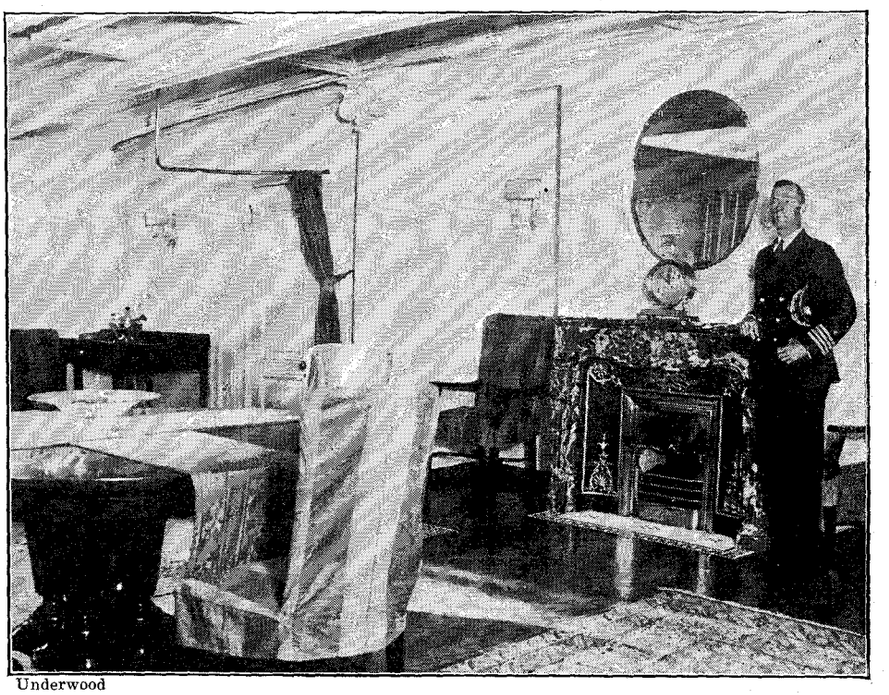
### ▸▸*Southern Patronage*

PRESIDENT HOOVER may have sounded the alarum over the evil state of the Republican party below the Mason and Dixon line, but it is Postmaster-General Brown, the most practical politician in the Cabinet, who has shown the way to the reformation demanded by the Chief Executive. "There will be no peddling of postmasterships in the South in this Administration," said Brown. If Hoover reinforces this edict by restoring President Wilson's system of naming the top man in Civil Service examinations to the positions so long regarded as spoilsmen's loot, he will have struck a heavy blow at a situation which resisted even the vigor and vision of a Roosevelt.

Driving the office-changers from the temple, however, will not alone suffice to establish a two-party system in the South, as President Hoover seems to realize. So he has placed every Southern leader on political probation and insisted upon amalgamation with the better elements in each community to the end that conduct of the party shall commend itself to decent citizens who have hitherto held aloof. These measures may not mean immediate Republican victories in the South, but it is conceded that they will end a scandalous condition incompatible with public welfare and good government. Progress will necessarily be slow, and wonders cannot be expected overnight. Mr. Hoover apparently realizes this, for some of the leaders to whom he gave his benediction in his pronouncement—C. Bascom Slemp of Virginia, David H. Blair of North Carolina, Oliver Street of Alabama and R. B. Creager of Texas—are very practical men. The chief virtue of the Presidential proclamation is that it reflects a recognition at the White House of the need for a change. Nor does the President base the new movement on grounds of "narrow partisanship." He subscribes to the general belief that existence of a strong minority is the best safeguard government can have. It also creates a keener sense of party responsibility in the nomination of candidates for appointive and elective office—a quality conspicuously absent from G.O.P. councils in the South. Moreover, there are those who admit that a South divided in its political allegiance would benefit the Democratic as well as the Republican Party, and therefore the Nation-at-large. In recent years, it is pointed out, Democrats of the South, including their Representatives in Congress, have exhibited a smugness and complacency quite as harmful as that prevailing among the Republicans in other sections of the country. It took the nomination of Al Smith to shake the solid South out of its sixty-year-old political rut, and the election of a Hoover may serve to place the Southern G.O.P. on the high-road to decency if not to victory.

### ▸▸*"Draft Coolidge" Again*

WHEN THE Kansas City Convention nominated Herbert Hoover, the man in the White House must have reflected with relief that the "draft Coolidge" movement was finally dead. But if so, he reckoned without the determination of the "Boston Transcript," which has now proposed, with a degree of firmness which bodes ill for the peace of Northampton's first citizen, that Mr. Coolidge be drafted for the Senate. "By suasion or force," it urges, the way



Underwood

*DINING-ROOM OF THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT*

*Although Mr. Hoover has gone his predecessor one better in economy by refusing to use the Mayflower for trips down the Potomac, the ship will be kept in condition by the Navy Department. Captain Wilson Brown, her present commander, is shown in the illustration*

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must be smoothed for the former President's nomination in 1930. Mr. Gillett, whose term expires in that year, must make way for Massachusetts's favorite son.

The sacrifice of the present incumbent, as the "Transcript" points out, would be no great loss to Massachusetts, for, "amiable gentleman though he is, Mr. Gillett has made no impression upon the Senate and taken no important part in its proceedings.

Mr. Coolidge, the "Transcript" recalls, was a "great President," and prophesies that he would be a "great Senator." Men and women of both parties would be glad to vote for him, for "no President has left the White House retaining the popular esteem in greater degree."

Naturally, no word of comment has been forthcoming from the spokesman of Massasoit Street. But Massachusetts, we learn, has greeted the proposal with some enthusiasm. It has been received favorably elsewhere. It seems to be accepted as the best possible answer to the question of just what the former President will do now.

Whether, as the "Transcript" believes, Mr. Coolidge would indeed be a great Senator will doubtless be questioned by some. But certainly the presence of a former President would add prestige to the Senate and carry on a worthy precedent established by the distinguished service of John Quincy Adams in the House.

## ▸▸*Charles Henry Brent*

Few churchmen have won such international reputation as that attached to the name of Bishop Brent. He served the world as if it were all his diocese. It seems fitting that since he was to be overtaken by death, he should be found ready for the end at the seat of the latest world conference on religion, Lausanne, Switzerland, and that there his body should be buried.

Known at first as a High Churchman and a minister among the poor, especially the negro poor, of Boston, this son of Ontario and of the University of Toronto was chosen to be the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines. With the early developments that followed the American occupation of the Islands his name is as definitely associated as that of Governor General Taft. He won the affection of the people, serving especially the un-Christianized Igorrotes, and the good-will of Protestants and Catholics. From that time dated his devotion to the struggle against the trade in opium and other narcotics.

He was President of the International Opium Conference at Shanghai in 1909, was representative of the United States on the Advisory Committee on Narcotics of the League of Nations, and was a member of the Opium Conference at Geneva in 1924. His reasonableness and charitable spirit, furnishing an example to less tolerant reformers, lent to his influence power and distinction.

It was at the close of his service as

Wide World

*HORTON SMITH*

*Nineteen-year-old Joplin, Missouri, professional who has just added the La Gorce open golf tournament at Miami Beach to his imposing string of other victories*

Bishop of the Philippines that he became chief of the Chaplain Service of the American Expeditionary Force in France, and for his services was honored by Britain, France and Italy. Since 1918 he had been Bishop of Western New York and part of the time Bishop in charge of Episcopal churches in Europe. He was influential in promoting the Conference on Faith and Order and presided at its first session at Lausanne in 1927. He was among the most outspoken advocates of American participation in the movement for world peace.

From churches without regard to denomination, and from officials of the League of Nations, whose humanitarian work he did much to promote, have come tributes to his simplicity, breadth, and kindly, able leadership.

## ▸▸*A Resourceful Government*

"Scarface Al" Capone, a leading citizen of Chicago who has been sojourning for some time in a carefully guarded castle in Florida, was recently invited by the Federal Government to appear before a Grand Jury in Chicago. He presented an affidavit of illness as an excuse for his failure to respond to the Government's invitation. When he finally appeared in Chicago, two weeks after the first date set, he was taken before the Grand Jury to be questioned concerning the source of his income and his knowledge of underworld activities. Upon his departure from the jury room he was arrested on a Federal warrant charging him with contempt of court.

His arrest for this offense was due to an investigation carried on under the direction of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General. Her agents discovered that far from being ill Mr. Capone was freely taking part in festivities at Miami Beach. Of course contempt of court is not as serious an offense as some others of which Mr. Capone has been suspected; but his arrest goes to show, at least, that the Federal Government is not entirely powerless.

## ▸▸*Food and Intellect*

Poor food means low intelligence. So says Dr. John Munroe of Long Island University after first testing several thousand school children and then following seven hundred of them in school, college and business life. Dr. Munroe says that intelligence is not constant nor altogether hereditary. Wrong food for the expectant mother before the child's birth, wrong food in childhood, as well as sanitation and hygiene, have, he declares, shares in "moronity and borderline dullness."

One interesting side-experiment is described as follows:

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"I performed food tests upon ten children from families where one would expect an inheritance of fairly high intelligence. For seven months I fed eggnogs twice a day to these children and found at the end of the experiment that all but one had increased in intelligence. Then I carried my studies of environment still further and investigated all of my original group who had turned out to be criminals. I found that 95 per cent had low grade intellects aggravated by bad surroundings and poor food. Many had been convicted of technical crimes solely because they hadn't the intellect to escape."

Query: Will better food lead to more undetected crime?

# Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TWICE now, by our records, executive departments of the Government have exhibited such a lack of sympathetic co-operation that we are hard put to answer those cynics who suggest that it may not have been accidental. It is, perhaps only a coincidence that both bits of bungling concerned the dry laws, although there be those in high place who maintain that prohibition is becoming only one embarrassment after another. Washington holds its breath, official and unofficial, and wonders what is to come as it contemplates the death, destruction and dumbness that have marked enforcement methods of the last month: Sinking of a friendly nation's vessel in peace time, bombing of an Illinois home and killing of a mother to get a gallon of wine, disregard for the amenities hitherto extended to foreign diplomats in trucking their legal beer, whiskey and champagne from Baltimore to the capital.

We would not mention these disagreeable circumstances except that two noteworthy instances of official clashing and carelessness may affect international questions of some moment. We refer to Secretary Mellon's order that the Coast Guard sink the I'm Alone when it was decided that such a course was necessary to prevent the escape of the Canadian rum ship from custody, and the breakdown of the recent attempt to negotiate a rum pact with Canada.

It is, to our mind, irony for the gods that it should fall to an ex-distiller serving in the Cabinet of a Quaker President to display such warlike zeal in enforcing the Volstead Act on the high seas. Mr. Mellon, we submit, deserves a handsome apology from F. Scott McBride, Clarence True Wilson and other white-ribboners who were wont to place him lower than Carrie Nation in the hall of their immortals.

Mr. Mellon, however, has fallen in the estimation of Henry L. Stimson's diplomats, we learn. Since President Hoover expects the support of "every decent citizen" in encouraging enforcement of the dry laws, we can, unfortunately, only hint at what they are saying about the aged Pittsburgher's private war with Canada and Great Britain. Our State Department informants assure us that the Secretary of the Treasury may know a lot about banking, but that he is all wrong on every point involved in the international dispute. Ex-Secretary Kellogg shook his leonine head angrily over the Treasury's first report of the naval engagement in the Gulf. We are reliably told that Mellon's ignorance of international law and the provisions of the rum treaty with Great Britain was amazingly complete.

It is the belief around the State Department, we learn, that the United States will eventually have to apologize and pay a heavy indemnity. Uncle Sam can well afford this, but our diplomats say that other considerations passed over so lightly by Mr. Mellon may prove more serious. They cannot understand Mr. Mellon's precipitate action in view of Mr. Hoover's various moves to improve relations with our Canadian neighbors. It seems that one of the President's great ambitions is to build the St. Lawrence Canal. He has, we are told, taken steps to prevent enactment of a super-tariff on Canadian products because of the unfavorable action that might follow toward his engineering programme. We learn the President thought he had the waterway proposition well fixed until Mr. Mellon kicked the canal into the future by several years.

And yet we cannot but sympathize with the seventy-four-year-old billionaire. He is, we think, to be pitied rather than blamed. He is wholly lacking in sensitiveness toward the things which make for good relations between individuals; he just does not savvy the philosophy of live-and-let-live. His is the most one-tracked mind in Washington.

Mr. Mellon, we sensed long ago, lives in a world of dreams and dollars. There is, in our opinion, no other accounting for the abysmal disregard and misunderstanding of the public temper and political expediency shown in his attitude toward tax reduction, publicity on returns and certain Senatorial enemies, of whom Jim Couzens is one. Nevertheless, we admire Mellon for his stout defense of the Coast Guard—and himself.

Moreover, the State Department has no cause to cavil at Mellon's inconsiderateness. On the eve of the departure of our working drys to Ottawa to negotiate a liquor pact, the Department of Justice brought several indictments at Detroit against some of the most outstanding Canadians of the Dominion. Successful consummation of any agreement became a fantastic thing in the face of the resentment aroused across the border. But we are told that, although the State Department sensed the implications of the indictments, it made no effort to persuade Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt and her inquisitors to hold off. When Mellon's dry emissaries bobbed up at Ottawa, they got only a laugh from the Canadians in what proved to be the most futile prohibition crusade in years.

Nor can the State Department shake its finger at Mellon for muddying the water of international relations. He may have stirred up our Northern neighbors, but our several diplomatic ventures have not won us popularity in Nicaragua, France, Italy or Great Britain.

A. F. C.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

*Two souls with but a single thought*

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# Editorial

## I'm Alone

NOT even the faintest shadow of war lies athwart the ghostly gunwales of the sunken schooner I'm Alone. Although gunfire from American Government cutters sent this vessel of Canadian registry, flying the British flag, to the bottom of the sea and a French citizen, one of her crew, to his death, no thought of war or even reprisal has been whispered. The sinking seemed almost designed to arouse resentment and indignation in French and particularly in British hearts. The pursuit and attack by the American cutters were for the enforcement of the prohibition law for which the British and French people have little respect. The captain of the British schooner was a hero of the World War. His report, promptly and widely published, gives an impression of ruthlessness on the part of the American officers that is scarcely to be distinguished from ruthlessness commonly ascribed to German officers in wartime. As seen from the point of view of France and Great Britain, representatives of the American Government resorted to unnecessary violence and showed disregard of elementary human rights. And the attack occurred on what has been traditionally considered the high seas. Britannia, ruler of the waves, does not view with complacency the sight of a British merchantman, unarmed, going down with its flag flying before the guns of another Nation on the watery highway of the world. And yet there is not the breath of the threat of hostilities.

It would not have been so a few years ago. When some British fishermen were sunk off Doggerbank presumably by Russian warships that mistook them for Japanese, resort to war became a possibility in the thoughts of all Englishmen. When a German missionary was killed in China, a punitive expedition in reprisal forced the cession to Germany of important territory. The world has moved forward since those days. Of course both Russia and China were weak compared to the powerful United States of today. No nation, no union of nations, would casually challenge America. But the might of the United States, however it may furnish security from overt attack, would not stop the mouths of patriotic fire-eaters, and does not explain the calmness and restraint of British comment upon the incident.

In this case of course there were extenuating circumstances, tending to mollify resentment. Ths sunken schooner was an acknowledged rum-runner; and, though smuggling has never been regarded as on the low level of piracy, the British cannot be expected to have much stomach for heroics over the business of defying the laws of a friendly nation. Then, too, the schooner was registered in Canada, and the British Government doubtless is glad to have the opportunity of turning over an irritating problem to one of her dominions that claims the status and responsibilities of a nation. Nevertheless, the affair of the I'm Alone furnishes evidence of the progress that the world has made toward a better method than war for the settlement of international disputes.

What can the United States do to make this incident contribute to this progress toward world peace?

Recently the United States had assumed leadership in renouncing war and professing faith in methods of amity. Here we have the chance to prove that our action was more than a gesture.

There are two classes of international disputes. One class consists of disputes over policy. They are clashes of will. The other consists of disputes over rights. They are essentially controversies of law. The case of the I'm Alone is clearly a dispute over rights. It is one to be decided by the establishment of the facts and the determination of the law. That much seems clear.

What are the facts? They have not yet been established. Where were the vessels when the action took place? What resistance was offered? These and other questions of fact are clearly to be answered only by the submission and weighing of evidence before an impartial body. It is for such a purpose that judicial courts are established. What is the law in the case? That is a matter on which opinion differs. What constitutes "hot pursuit" under the common law of nations? Must such pursuit begin within the traditional three-mile limit that is supposed to mark the boundary of a nation's territorial waters, or may it, under the treaty with Great Britain, begin within an hour's sailing of the coast? Does seizure involve sinking in case of resistance? These and other questions of law are clearly of the sort to be considered and decided by judges learned in the law and untrammeled by other than legal requirements.

For the weighing of evidence and the decision of the law in cases between nations there has been established, in accord with American principles and under an official American leadership, the Permanent Court of International Justice. If ever a dispute was precisely fitted for submission to this World Court, it is that of the I'm Alone. Disputes appropriate for settlement by an international court, like disputes appropriate for settlement by a court of a nation or a State, can often be advantageously settled out of court by agreement among the disputants on the law and the facts. Perhaps this dispute may be settled in that way. But at present there seems to be no common understanding of the facts and a wide divergence of opinion on the law. Under such circumstances the fittest action that could be taken would be to have the complaint and the defense, with all the evidence, argued before the impartially constituted bench of jurists that is popularly known as the World Court.

It is not a case for arbitration. There is no question of clashing wills, no opportunity for reasonable compromise, no occasion for give and take. The action, whatever it was, was either legal or illegal. It is to the interest of the United States as to the rest of the world, to have the legality or illegality of the action fairly and justly established.

As complainant, Great Britain (or Canada) is the nation to make the formal proposal that the case be submitted to the World Court. And if she makes that proposal our Government should promptly and readily acquiesce. But if our Government is wise it will go further. If it finds no basis of agreement outside of a judicial decision, it should informally let Great Britain know—or Canada, or France, or all three—that it will cordially welcome the submission of the case to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

By our works shall we prove our faith.

The Editors

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# A Custom of the Country

By CHARLES MERZ

***Looking through the moldy pages of a magazine of fifty years ago, Mr. Merz found Harriet Beecher Stowe endorsing Baker's Chocolate, an asthma remedy offered with the assurance that Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving and ex-President Van Buren were benefited users, a hair restorer praised by an eminent publisher. In a word, testimonial advertising is an old American institutions***

ON THE afternoon of January 23 Chief Officer Manning of the steamship "America" lowered a lifeboat into a churning sea, beat his way with great courage to the side of the freighter "Florida" and saved from imminent peril thirty-two men who clung to the wet decks of that foundering vessel. Eight days later, on January 31, the world at large learned that Chief Officer Manning and his crew had not been alone in this historic feat, but had been driven on to their goal by the indomitable spirit of Lucky Strike—It's Toasted.

Sea-faring men, as Chief Officer Manning put it, must "keep physically fit" and "always prepared for any emergency." He himself had managed to keep fit by avoiding sweets and reaching for a Lucky. News of this fact, and of its bearing on the "Florida" rescue, was promptly trumpeted across the country in a nation-wide campaign of advertising. And it is fair to say that since the first of February the advertising has aroused at least as much attention as the rescue. For a lively discussion has ensued not only among laymen but among advertising experts over the merits of Chief Officer Manning's glowing testimonial, its good taste, its appeal to the consumer, its effect upon the cigarette trade, the public's confidence in the spontaneity of such tributes and the whole question of testimonial advertising.

We live in a day, of course, when testimonials from famous men or men made famous overnight are as much a part of our periodical literature as the pretty ladies on the covers of the magazines, and we are likely to think of this tireless parade of celebrities through the advertising pages as some new device lately hit upon by the shrewd manipulators of public sentiment. Actually there is a precedent of long standing for this modern method of selling goods by having them recommended by some famous seaman, some great actor or some noted statesman. Testimonial advertising has been flourishing for a good half century.

Turn back to the moldy pages of such a magazine as "Harper's Weekly," fifty years ago this spring, and you will find Harriet Beecher Stowe endorsing Baker's Chocolate. You will find Frank Leslie testifying in behalf of Burnett's Cocoaine that it is "far preferable to anything he has ever used for the hair." You will find Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy sold with the assurance that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving and ex-President Van Buren all profited by using it. And you will find the Speaker of the State Assembly of New York, the Hon. James W. Husted, deposing in behalf of Alcock's Porous Plasters not only that the prompt application of three plasters rid him of an incipient case of pneumonia, at a time when he had "so bad a cough that his friends thought nothing but a trip south would save him," but that the same plasters had also cured him of bad bruises suffered by falling from his carriage.

THERE IS nothing unprecedented about testimonial advertisements in this country. They are an old American institution, and from Baker's Chocolate and Alcock's Porous Plasters they have come down to us through Lydia Pinkham and Herpicide to Lucky Strikes and Pond's Extract. What we note in the last few years is simply an enormous increase in the volume of such testimonials, plus a suddenly far more graphic method of presenting the messages they carry.

Mrs. Frederick Cameron Church, née Muriel Vanderbilt, uses Simmons Beds. The advertisements not only tell you that her choice is Model No. 1850; they take you up to her guest bedroom, open the door, invite you in, show you the paneling on the wall (the same paneling as in the days when Lord Dudley had the house), point out the successful use of brilliant modern coloring with early American furniture and let you see with your own eyes that Mrs. Church, who is described as "a proud owner" of these beds, has chosen maple finish in combination with Ace Box Springs and a mattress known as Beautyrest.

Miss Natica de Acosta uses Woodbury's Facial Soap. Fifty years ago, in the more reticent pages of "Harper's Weekly," this news might have appeared in three lines of agate type, somewhere on a page of modest notices advertising George Eliot's best-seller, Singer's awnings for bird-cages and Moody and Sankey's lectures. Today the casual reader, thanks to Woodbury's Facial Soap, is able to strike up so close an acquaintance with Miss de Acosta before he finishes reading even one advertisement that he knows she is allied with some of the oldest families in New York and Boston; that she was presented to society early in November, 1928; that she is fond of dogs; that she likes riding and the theatre; that she swims even better than she rides; that she thinks the younger generation no worse than it ever was but merely more sophisticated; that she has been using Woodbury's Facial Soap since she reached the age of fourteen; that "her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain," and that " 'Spanish blood' speaks from her beautiful great eyes."

Nor is the average man's acquaintance with the personal affairs of such celebrities limited to the knowledge he can glean by waiting for them to reappear at infrequent intervals with some new form of praise for the same unvarying product. If Miss de Acosta's endorsements are confined to Woodbury's Soap, and Mrs. Church's to Simmons Beds, there are other heroines who cut a wider swath through the advertising pages and stamp the imprint of their personal tastes upon a great variety of products.

IT CAN BE no secret to the world that Miss Constance Talmadge, for example, recommends Marmola Tablets for the figure, chews Dentyne to preserve her teeth, lights her cigarettes with a Sure-Fire Thorens lighter, wears a Juliet engagement ring, uses Gold Seal tubes in her radio, drives a car equipped with Air Container inner tubes, goes to bed at night with a Benrus wrist-watch on her arm, and wakes up in the morning (the graphic art of the

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advertising agencies reveals her in a nightgown on her pillow) to the persuasive ring of an Ansonia Alarm Clock.

There can be no doubt that to a greater extent than ever before in the whole run of advertising history a vast public is on intimate terms with the personal habits, diets, tastes and hygiene of the celebrities whose names it knows. It is a fact recorded where several million people may contemplate it daily, either in the form of display advertising in the newspapers, on placards in the street cars or on posters on the billboards, that Miss Marilynn Miller brushes her teeth with Kolynos, Miss Ruth St. Denis keeps her lips from chapping with Tangee, the Count de Beaumont mixes his champagne with Clicquot Club, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur serves Maxwell House Coffee at her Sunday suppers, the Baroness de Grazia uses Mello-Glo powder on her face, Mrs. Fifi Widener Holden drives a Lincoln, Lady Heath polishes her nails with Cutex, most of the royal families of Europe smoke Melachrino cigarettes, Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte reads Borzoi books and Miss Naomi Johnson of the "Vanities" avoids corns by using Blue-jay Plasters on her toes.

And all this, the circumstances being what they are, is natural enough and more or less inevitable. For we live in a headline age, when out of a plethora of news and comment and opinion poured in on us from a thousand widely different sources nothing has more permanence and lustre than great names made familiar by constant repetition, and it is thoroughly logical that men with goods to sell should seek to identify their wares with these vast reputations. There is a formula here which avoids the difficult task of trying to button-hole the harassed consumer in a frantic age and make him listen long enough to catch the drift of a long-winded argument as to why he should purchase this or that particular product.

IT IS SMALL WONDER, these facts considered, that testimonial advertising prospered on the modern scene, that it has enormously increased in volume and that it has rapidly enlisted one celebrity after another in the cause of cough-drops, toilet water or alarm clocks until the advertising pages bulge with autographs. What is beginning to be clear, however, is that certain risks appear as the competition quickens, and the struggle to capture new celebrities becomes more furious. For it is important, if testimonial advertising is to achieve a maximum effectiveness, that the experiences which it relates seem credible and that the praise it lavishes upon any given product seem spontaneous and unsolicited.

HERE the celebrated Lucky Strike advertising in connection with the "Florida" rescue comes to hand as an illustration of the risks involved in the present pace of lion-hunting. Captain Fried's testimonial, it seems fair to say, was merely another instance of the smoke-tobacco-for-your-health crusade which has helped roll consumption of cigarettes in the United States to ninety-seven billion annually. Such testimonials are by no means rare. Lucky Strike had previously featured Lieutenant-General Bullard's advice to the army to smoke Luckies and keep fit, and Tareyton has put much emphasis on the experience of H. Siemer, "the crack diver," who "smokes two packs a day" to keep his nerves in trim.

This is modern physiology as expounded at the height of a tobacco war —the more you smoke, the steadier your hand and the better your wind—and there is nothing particularly novel in it. But in the "Florida" affair the testimony of Chief Officer Manning went beyond the testimony of his commanding officer, in point of view of a graphic tale, and set what may fairly be called a new high mark for this school of advertising. So valuable are Luckies for the health, deposed Chief Officer Manning, and so cherished is their flavor by good seamen, that out in a full gale on the North Atlantic with the sea gone mad and thirty-two survivors in a lifeboat, "We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and Luckies . . . . As an actual fact, in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men rowing with one hand and lighting a Lucky with the other."

Now an asterisk in the advertisement identifies this man, and there is no need to doubt the story. Events took place, there is every reason to believe, precisely as Chief Officer Manning has related them. But as historians have discovered since the days of Herodotus, there are hard-boiled skeptics who will not accept good history the moment it begins to seem at all miraculous. And in Chief Officer Manning's case these skeptics have seized not only upon what appears to them to be astonishing devotion to Luckies in mid-ocean, but upon Chief Officer Manning's good fortune in finding precisely the right advertising agency to listen to his story, so promptly that within four days new mats were in the newspaper offices.

Whether or not it is sheer coincidence must be left to guess-work; but at least it is worth noting that since the "America" reached New York and the public began once more to discuss the difficulties of making a true story seem convincing, several things have occurred to suggest increasing doubts as to the effectiveness of this type of copy. For one thing the magazine "Sales Management" has dispatched a telegram to Mr. C. C. Younggreen, president of the International Advertising Association, declaring that the current flood of testimonials has begun to undermine faith in advertising.

For another thing, certain advertisers have begun to take pains to point out that they do not publish testimonials, as if that fact were a source of pride and profit. Kelvinator, for example, declines to publish the names of the countesses and tennis champions who have bought its electric ice-boxes, declaring that "The distinguished owners of Kelvinators do not desire notoriety—No Kelvinator testimonial has ever been bought—in money, publicity or any other way." Here, certainly, is the appearance of a school of dissidents.

FINALLY, ridicule has arrived. Certain advertisers, seeing that skepticism is in the air and that the use of testimonials may be playing out, are actually daring to poke fun at the prevailing practice. Thus Peck & Peck, in a recent advertisement in the "New Yorker," pay their respects to a mythical "Countess de la Fouchette," who has "just endorsed (for $800) a cigarette she never smokes, a bathtub (for $30) she never uses, and a bed (for $90) that she gives her dog to sleep on." Ridicule, especially in the advertising section, is bad business.

There is an old tradition here, however—one that goes back at least as far as the middle of the Nineteenth Century, Martin Van Buren and Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. It would be a rash prophet who would predict at this juncture that the day of testimonial advertising is really done and that there will be no shipwrecked sailors, no child prodigies and no grand opera stars endorsing soap flakes, folding beds and hair restorers in the morning.

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# The Panic That Failed

*By* THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE WEEK of March 25 is bound to go down in history as one of the most thrilling in the experience of Wall Street. It saw a sensational squeeze in the call money market, a sudden collapse in stock prices, the most violent recovery on record and a bitter dispute between Senator Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury under President Wilson, and Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York and a Class A director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank.

Warnings of the collapse in the market had not been wanting. The Federal Reserve authorities had issued several "Go Slow" statements and credit experts had predicted that the end of the month would see call money lending at fancy figures.

The money squeeze began on Monday when the call rate soared to 14 per cent, the highest figure quoted for eight years. This served notice on the speculative community that the banks were "co-operating with the Federal Reserve officials." In other words, they were not coming forward to relieve the pressure caused by end of the month and spring trade demands. All the words of caution which speculators had heard during previous weeks and had ignored returned vividly to their memories. Selling began at the opening of the market and went on without serious interruption until three o'clock. No wide-open breaks occurred but the final stock tables showed some losses of ten points or more, and nearly a hundred stocks touched new lows for the year.

On Tuesday the banks "co-operated" with a vengeance. The opening call rate of 12 per cent attracted almost no funds at all and the rumor went around that money was not available at any price. Virtually every Stock Exchange house knew by eleven o'clock that bids of as high as 22 per cent had not brought offerings of any size. Speculators were thoroughly frightened. They rushed to unload what stocks they had and then sold short. Prices literally melted away. Anaconda, which had sold as high as 174 at the end of the previous week, hit 142. Other trading favorities such as Radio, Johns-Manville and American Can dropped just as fast. Meanwhile, there was no sign that the banks would relent and begin lending.

"It's a panic." This sentence was heard again and again. At first it was a semi-jocular remark but it was pronounced in serious tones before the middle of the afternoon. Brokers absolutely had to have money to carry stocks overnight. If the banks refused accommodation, commission houses would be in serious difficulty. The official call rate had mounted to 20 per cent but, the report was, "it looked higher." Until two o'clock, little money was obtainable at 20 or even at 22.

WHEN EVERYTHING looked blackest, tickers tapped out the announcement that money was coming into the market at 20 per cent. A month or even a week previous, 20 per cent money would have scared buyers to death but funds at any price were encouraging at two o'clock that Tuesday afternoon. Bargain-hunters had been buying here and there all day and they were joined suddenly by the speculators. Shorts on the floor of the Exchange literally fell all over each other in the scramble to buy back the stocks they had sold. Within a few minutes the most extraordinary recovery ever seen on the Exchange was under way. Volatile issues rallied five points in as many minutes. Radio and Anaconda, jumped more than twelve points above their lows. By three o'clock nearly all the losses had been wiped out and many plus signs were visible in the tables. The turnover had been tremendous. About eight and a quarter million shares had changed hands, topping the previous record by more than a million. Traders who had held on were no worse off than they had been twenty-four hours before, but many lambs had been shorn clean. They were most frightened when the market was at the bottom and had sold, as they usually do, just at the wrong time.

More impressed by the recovery than by the collapse which had preceded it and heartened by a fresh inflow of money which brought the call rate down to 8 per cent at the end of the week, the stock market continued to ascend on Wednesday and Thursday. The three-day holiday found prices not far from their highs for the year.

Meanwhile the controversy between Senator Glass and Mr. Mitchell was brewing. Wednesday morning's papers carried a statement from the latter in which he said that his bank had supplied call loans at 20 per cent and would continue to use its influence to prevent a serious shortage of funds.

"We feel that we have an obligation which is paramount to any Federal Reserve warning, or anything else, to avert, so far as lies within our power, any dangerous crisis in the money market," he said.

"While we are averse to resorting to discounting (borrowing from the Federal Reserve system) for the purpose of making a profit in the call money market, we certainly would not stand by and see a situation where money became impossible to secure at any price."

Two days later came Senator Glass's rebuke. He has several times belabored speculators for their levies on the country's supply of credit and the Federal Reserve authorities for not taking more stringent measures to chastise them.

"Now that the Federal Reserve Board has adopted the policy of having Federal Reserve banks remonstrate with member banks against permitting the facilities of the System to be used for speculative purposes," he said, "a Class A director of a Federal Reserve bank, himself president of a great banking institution, vigorously slaps the Board squarely in the face and treats its policy with contempt and contumely. He avows his superior obligation to a frantic stock market over against the obligation of his oath as a director of the New York Federal Reserve Board . . . The Board should ask for the immediate resignation of Mr. Mitchell."

A CONTROVERSY between a Senator and a bank president makes good reading but it need not disturb the country. It is disturbing, though, to hear that Senator Glass plans to introduce legislation which will attempt to choke speculation. Economists for hundreds of years have admitted that this would be desirable but have agreed that any legislative remedy would be worse than the disease. The chances of the enactment of such legislation are small but its very introduction is bound to create nervousness, not only among the speculators where it will do no real harm, but among solid business men, where it may.

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# The Leisure Arts

## *Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies*

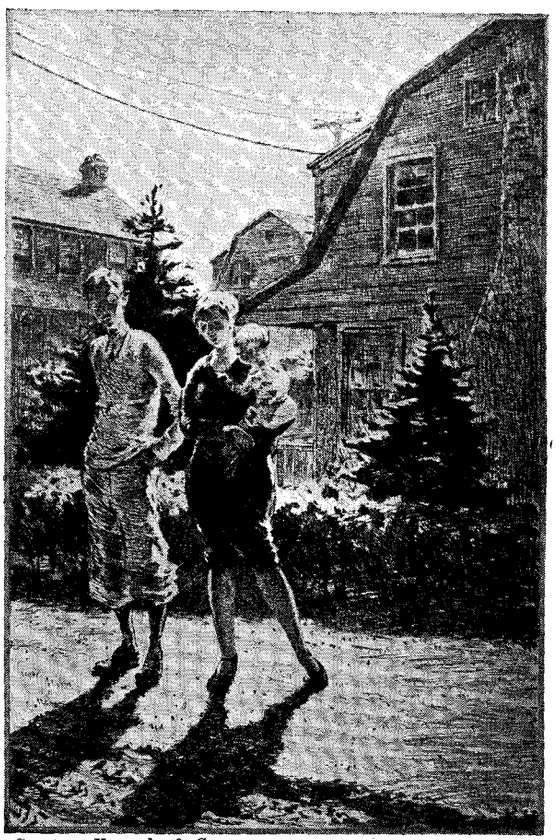
### The Second Tudor

*Henry the Eighth.* By Francis Hackett: Macmillan. Published April 5. $3.00.

UNDER the Tudors English national consciousness, which was to have so stupendous an effect upon the world and which had been, up to that time, an obscure, sporadic and feeble plant, burst into conspicuous flower. In the reign of Henry VIII, the second Tudor king, a movement of vast historical significance took place. This movement expressed itself in many events of which three are especially interesting: Henry's confiscation of church property and his presentation of it to his friends; his sanction of the publication by Coverdale of Tyndale's English Bible; and his divorce from Katharine of Aragon. This publication was the popular expression of the final freeing of English religion from ultramontane domination. This confiscation was the means of creating a wealthy dynastic nobility, as opposed to the feudal barons, committed by self-interest to the support of the Tudors and of the Protestant Church. And this divorce was the most important in history.

With the less immediately personal of these two events Francis Hackett does not occupy himself too greatly. Although he is concerned with Henry's position in history and the historic importance of his reign, his interest centers in the Tudor court and in the figures that peopled it: Wolsey, the mental giant, Cromwell whom he charged to "fling away ambition," brave old Fisher, More, incapable of the final compromise with his ideals, Henry's six wives, and all the lesser beings in a vivid, unscrupulous, chaotic, sordid, magnificent world. To these, he adds the Continental figures who affected Henry's career most profoundly, Francis I of France and the Spanish emperor, Charles V, Henry's rivals in diplomacy, intrigue, war and, sometimes, in personal endeavor. But since it was Henry's character which gave to his reign the twist that it took and that bent the twig which grew into Elizabeth's great oak, Hackett devotes himself chiefly to a study of that character.

After a prelude which sets the world stage for Henry, written with a fine sweep and with a witty, acute and thoroughly modern sense of what is significant and what is readable, he takes up Henry's reign by periods, giving to each period the name of the woman with whom Henry's life was most involved at the time. That is sensible enough; but Hackett is not engaged in serving up Henry's matrimonial adventures as a sort of mental aphrodisiac (If you want that, try Henry the Rake by Clement Wood (Stratford), a trivial, thoroughly vulgar book, made from secondary sources). Hackett presents Henry as a dynast who needed money and sons, whose life was bent toward the getting of one or the other, with unequal success. His several methods of augmenting the Tudor fortunes were incredibly bold. His matrimonial ventures were remarkable only because he was a king. He was a sensualist, of course, but he had other qualities. He was as shrewd as his father and cleverer, a bully, stubborn as a mule, vain, a colossal hypocrite, brave and intelligent. Always governed by his passions, for power, revenge, women, he had a way of making everything serve his purpose, of turning everything he did to some dynastic advantage, and of justifying everything, if not to himself—although he seems to have done that, too—certainly to his people. His character is of exactly the sort to tempt the biographer equipped with modern analytical methods, and Francis Hackett does well by him.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

*SUNDAY GARDEN INSPECTION*
*An etching by Martin Lewis*

And almost equally well by his wives. Our own attachment to Katharine of Aragon makes us find that his heart does not warm to that sombre, uncompromising figure of tragedy, but his interpretation of her character is brilliant if not sympathetic. And he presents Anne Boleyn's problematical career with no prejudice. She was the only woman whom Henry ever loved, and she used his love to satisfy her soaring ambition and to her undoing. Compared to these two, the other marriages are interludes with Anne of Cleves for comic relief and Katharine Howard for the lowest point of cupidity and shame.

By no means a complete history of Henry's reign, Francis Hackett's book is a remarkable recreation of a gorgeous scene. His imagination plays upon it, dazzling, revealing. His style is witty, rich, at times almost overfluent. But his sharp sense of humor and his ardent appreciation of the violent qualities of the period of which he writes save him from using his subject simply to display his skill. American readers are not much interested in history, preferring to leave it to the statesmen and

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scholars. It is perhaps natural that if my ancestral associations are with Finland and yours with Calabria we should feel little personal concern with the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And yet Henry, who made so brave a show there, is Tudor England. And it was in Tudor England that the seed was sown which grew to be America.

FRANCIS LAMONT ROBBINS.

## The Week's Reading

*Swords and Roses.* By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER: Knopf. Published April 5. $3.50.

THE DAY is past when the publication of a new book by Hergesheimer was an exciting event to the literarily inclined. Because Hergesheimer was for some time a promise of great things, and now we know he will never be more than that. The intangible miss between his promise and his fulfilment is as good as a measured-out impassable mile.

The taint of "faux-bon" in his work, of which some critic once wrote, was never stronger than in "Swords and Roses," his book about the Civil War. That taint at which one sniffed distrustfully, of which one asked "what is it?" without being answered, almost gives itself a name in this new book. Swords and Roses. Bright swords and lovely roses but somehow not the words to describe the Confederacy during the Civil War. There is a sweetish decay about them which does not belong to that strong tragic thing. The book consists in essays on certain conspicuous Southern figures, prefaced by a sensitive paper on the "Deep South." The essays are a combination of facts, rather automatically retailed, and fine writing. And just as the fine writing is finer when it serves a fictional purpose, so the facts are more impressive stripped than dressed by these elaborate, facile fingers which shade and color them so definitely.

There are times when one feels that they have been distorted—although one *knows* they have not—in order to permit the fingers an extra gracious turn. An over-felicitous phrase takes the edge off General Forrest's sword. Varina Davis's devotion to her husband is somewhat lessened by being made so much of so charmingly. Yancey, himself an emotional handler of words and Beauregard, an elegant figure of pageantry, seem the happiest subjects for Hergesheimer's biographical endeavors.

Of the other great Southerners, one wonders if they would like this book about themselves, if they would even be quite comfortable in its presence. What Hergesheimer says in philosophizing about them, their country, their cause, their defeat and its results is true. But it lacks conviction. And it is tediously said. To make the Civil War the occasion for the nostalgic tears of a romantic is to belittle it.

Mr. Hergesheimer expressed his regret for a lost and lofty past more effectively because more sturdily in "Quiet Cities." Courage and beauty endure even when swords have been beaten into mudguards and roses distilled into cheap bottled essences. But they take looking for. And Hergesheimer stopped looking quite a few books ago.

### *The Most Discussed Books*

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

#### Fiction

**Dodsworth,** by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

**Dark Hester,** by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

**The Bishop Murder Case,** by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo, mathematics, chess, nursery rhymes and lots of murders in this. Reviewed February 27.

**This Strange Adventure** by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Doubleday, Doran. A serious and sympathetic study of American woman and her problems against the shifting background of the last half-century.

**Mamba's Daughters,** by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6.

#### Non-Fiction

**The Art of Thinking,** by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

**The Cradle of the Deep,** by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. The salty and "fishy" adventures of a girl brought up at sea. Reviewed March 13.

**The Magic Island** by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. Black magic and Voodoo in Haiti. Reviewed January 9.

**Elizabeth and Essex,** by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

**Anthology of World Poetry,** edited by Mark Van Doren: A. & C. Boni. This splendid collection of world poetry in fine translation should be in every library.

*Far Wandering Men.* By JOHN RUSSELL: Norton. Published April 5.

READERS WHO recall the stories in "Where the Pavement Ends" will know what to expect from John Russell's new book. There will be antipodal islands where blue water laps the shores of white coves and palm trees shimmer in the heat; British resident magistrates, natives a step removed from head-hunting, brown girls and blond beachcombers, bloody fights and good tales. They will not be disappointed in all this but they will not find in "Far Wandering Men" any one story as good as several in the first book. We have found "The Knife," the story of a miserable castaway, restored to manhood by the hope of revenge, and "The Son of the Handmaid," a fantastic tale of a "New England conscience," the best.

Russell is no experimenter with new or resurrected forms, no verbal colorist, no psychological color sketcher, although his stories are full of color and his psychology seems sound. He writes of Eastern archipelagos as an experienced white man, not as an imitation native: he sees "the romance and the ironies and the unfailing queerness of the Pacific." He has a gift for the creation of suspense, a fondness for trick endings, no literary mannerisms, the right amount of sentiment and a sound dramatic sense. And he has the Northerner's admiration for the grand gesture. Time and again the sodden, cringing human flotsam of his tropic beaches becomes, under the forgotten influence of chivalry or the unfamiliar compulsion of effort, heroic. In the moment of death, his derelicts raise proud, stainless sails.

*The Modern Temper.* By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH: Harcourt, Brace.

*American Estimates.* By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY: Harcourt, Brace. Reviewed by VAN WYCK BROOKS.

MR. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH has long been noted as perhaps the most brilliant and philosophic of the younger critics, noted especially for the variety of his interests and aptitudes. "The Modern Temper" is the first book he has written which displays his faculty in all its breadth and depth. He says he wrote the book for his own satisfaction, in order to clarify his own beliefs, and, having done so, he published long sections of his essay in the "Atlantic Monthly." The essay now appearing at full length gives one of the most comprehensive statements of the modern point of view

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that has appeared in recent years and will add greatly to Mr. Krutch's reputation both as a thinker and as a writer. He calls it a study and a confession, an attempt to describe the "thoughts engendered by the contemplation of the facts and theories familiar to every reading person and stated in a form as detached" as he is capable of achieving. He has made his essay as little personal as possible in the belief that others will recognize his problems and his mood as those which at moments, at least, they have shared. His chapters include "The Genesis of a Mood," "The Paradox of Humanism," "The Disillusion with the Laboratory," discussing the fall of Victorian thought; "Love—or the Life and Death of a Value," "The Tragic Fallacy," "Life, Art and Peace" and "The Phantom of Certitude," with a Conclusion summing up the whole matter. Mr. Krutch's humanism is a very subtle and clearly defined credo that will satisfy a large number of contemporary minds, and it is so admirably and clearly stated that it reminds one of nothing so much as the philosophic essays of the late Randolph Bourne.

Mr. Canby's essays in "American Estimates" appear, beside this book, rather fragmentary and casual, but they are unpretentious and they abound in valuable suggestions relating chiefly to American literature but incidentally to a wide range of literary and vital phenomena. Reprinted from the "Saturday Review," they illustrate Mr. Canby's versatility and catholicity of mind; a mind that has few equals among semi-academic critics for its penetration and broad understanding. Among Mr. Canby's subjects are "Literature in America," "Reflections None Too Cheerful," "The American Scholar," "Literature Abroad" and "In Time of Confusion." They are all discussed briefly but pregnantly and with an engaging lightness of style.

*They Were So Young.* By ACHMED ABDULLAH: Payson & Clarke. Published April 5. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

THOSE WHO are still able to have their credulity taken by the roots of the hair and swung through the lively, exotic adventures of three soldiers of fortune, in the "Graustark" tradition will read Achmed Abdullah's *tour de force* and enjoy it. "They Were So Young" is as neatly suited to the purposes of the screen as any book we have ever read. It contains foreign intrigue; love in assimilable doses; humor; chivalrous heroisms performed by muscular picaroons with names like Lord Frederick Augustus Cyprian Traherne de Vere Carmyon and Prince Mehemet Tamerlanoff, musketeers who fight their devious ways across India and Afghanistan for the noble cause of the beautiful, harassed Sultana Evelyn.

It is as good as a Cook's tour around the world, and as unsatisfactory.

*Strange Truth.* By "ELSPETH:" Houghton Mifflin. Published April 5. $2.50. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

THIS IS a volume of pleasantly satirical verse by an unselfconscious writer who shrugs her shoulders at life's absurdities. With amazing accuracy "Elspeth" exposes the particular emotions which each man believes are his alone; with tolerant cynicism and gentle irony she proves these to be mass-production emotions which belong to all men of all times.

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Is this love or indigestion?

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Such a collection of verse as this, of course, is not of vast literary importance. But its popularity is one of the interesting phases of contemporary reading, and a rather natural reaction to an abundance of psychic novels, psychogenic biographies, and psychopathic poems. It is a recreational solace in these days of serious theses.

*The Fierce Dispute.* By HELEN HOOVEN SANTMYER: Houghton, Mifflin. Published April 5. $2.50. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

STRICTLY DEFINED, *deus ex machina* may not explain the solution of "The Fierce Dispute," but the idea comes very close to expressing the artificiality of the conclusion. After building up a real interest in an effectively simple conflict of personalities, the novelist resorts to the miraculous in order to avoid the tragic ending which has been carefully prepared. Nothing could be more inconsistent than the dying repentance of the woman whose stubborn injustice is the reason for everything that happens in the book.

The story depends on a mother's inability to forgive the marriage of her only daughter to a man who was not born a provincial Ohioan and who also happened to be an artist with a traditional artistic temperament. This implies the interesting and not unusual contrast between a generation of smug family relationships and one supremely conscious of the individual. Had this theme been carried to a natural conclusion by a writer who clearly demonstrated an ability to portray ordinary domestic tragedy, a far more significant result would have been obtained.

*A Modern Girl.* By W. B. TRITES: Stokes. Published April 5.

THIS BOOK is a disappointment. After "The Gypsy," we expected adult stories from Mr. Trites. But this might have been written by Daisy Ashford, so taken up is it with French chateaux, Lord Batterbys, Cortlandt Bleeckers, Charlemagne Custers and lavender honey for breakfast.

The War furnished a background for uniformed officers and war charities for this Modern Girl from Chicago, who went to France to do her bit and was quickly taken up by the right set at Nice. She loved her American aviator but she must encourage the attentions

## Forthcoming Books

*Randolph of Roanoke.* By GERALD W. JOHNSON: Minton, Balch. April 12.

*The Process of Human Behavior.* By MANDEL AND IRENE CASE SHERMAN: Norton. April. 12.

*Bryan.* By M. R. WERNER: Harcourt, Brace. April 11.

*Black Magic.* By MARTHA WARREN BECKWITH: University of North Carolina Press. April 15.

*Via Victoria.* By WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT: University of North Carolina Press. April 15.

*Golden Tales of Our America.* By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER: Dodd, Mead. April 12.

*The Boroughmonger.* By R. H. MOTTRAM: Little, Brown. April 9.

*The Power that Wins.* By RALPH WALDO TRINE: Bobbs-Merrill. April 11.

*The City of Tomorrow.* By LE CORBUSIER: Payson & Clarke. April 12.

*Lord Peter Views the Body.* By DOROTHY SAYERS: Payson & Clarke. April 12.

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of Cortlandt Bleecker, a large subscriber to funds, and a "tremendous swell." Presently Bleecker's little hopes died and he went away. Hilda was arrested in an opium dream in the house of a naughty countess, her girl friend committed suicide and her haughty friends cut her. Things looked so dark that she went to work in a hospital for the shell-shocked and was wounded, behaving heroically during a raid. All ends well. But we never did understand why Hilda is called a Modern Girl.

*Toad of Toad Hall.* By A. A. MILNE: Scribners. Published April 1.

HERE ARE your old friends from Stephen Graham's "The Wind in the Willows," Messrs. Rat, Mole, Toad, The Chief Weasel and many others, all dressed up and ready to go forth on the stage. Mr. Milne, in a charming and disarming preface, tells of the difficulties confronting any dramatist who tries to bring within stage limits a delightful fantasy such as this work of Graham's. Indeed, to bring a tale having no limits of time, place or credibility within the four walls of a theatre is something like trying to make a plaster cast of a sunrise. But this impossibility has been achieved before by such skilled creators of illusion as Barrie and Rostand and it seems (as nearly as can be told from the reading of a printed page) that Mr. Milne has done the impossible again. For he appears to have achieved the same gentle illusion which makes the work of Graham and the others keenest reality.

A matter-of-fact young person of our acquaintance once remarked of the flying scene in Peter Pan, "Isn't it silly the way Barrie makes those children go out of the window? Now if they'd only gone out in a airplane there would have been some sense to it."

We do not recommend this book to that young lady. She won't like it and we don't care if she doesn't, but if your mind isn't like hers get this book by all means.

*Storm House.* By KATHLEEN NORRIS: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

KATHLEEN NORRIS, like most mature women, knows that the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Her fictional females use this stale bit of wisdom as a rule-of-thumb. The females in this novel are mothers first and only secondly personalities. Maternity rather than love consummates their actions. Elsie marries the invalid Jerome Delafield for that reason. And

*(Please Turn to Page 593)*

# As the Record Leaves It

*The Sacco-Vanzetti Case.* Transcript of the Record of the Trial of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in the Courts of Massachusetts and Subsequent Proceedings, 1920-1927: Henry Holt. 5 Vols.

LIKE Banquo's ghost the case of Sacco and Vanzetti remains to haunt those who thought it was terminated when the lives of the two men were snuffed out by the electric chair. There has now been published the transcript of the trial and subsequent proceedings, sponsored by lawyers of such distinguished professional attainment and unquestioned integrity as, among others, Elihu Root, John W. Davis, Newton D. Baker, Charles P. Howland, Bernard Flexner, Raymond B. Fosdick and Charles C. Burlingham.

To be sure, the men who have undertaken the work and expense of publishing these volumes (including about 6,000 pages of testimony and argument and exhibits) have taken no stand on the merits of the case. As citizens they are concerned that the complete record of this "historical trial" should be forever available. Without the complete record, they say in a prefatory note, "comment and criticism must be partial, if not partisan; with it, there can be no excuse for misrepresentation through ignorance or design."

In the five volumes thus far published one may find the complete stenographic minutes of the murder trial at Dedham, all proceedings on appeal to the Massachusetts and Federal courts, the decision of Governor Fuller and the recommendations of his advisory committee (the Lowell Committee). A subsequent volume will include the incomplete record of the Bridgewater Case. Every scrap of pertinent information is therefore included, so that none may complain that partiality has crept into what is obviously a work of disinterested public service. There is an adequate index, a gratifying addition for students of criminal law.

By reading the first two volumes of this record one may sit in personal judgment upon Sacco and Vanzetti for the South Braintree murders. Every detail is here from the laborious selection of a jury to the verdict of guilty. One's impressions, of course, will be affected by his point of view and his preconceptions concerning the case. The reviewer is not a lawyer; therefore his conclusions are neither illuminated nor obfuscated by legalistic technicalities. He holds the opinion—strongly confirmed by a careful reading of these volumes—that there was reasonable doubt of guilt.

It will be obvious to the most casual reader of the record that Mr. Fred H. Moore, self-appointed counsel for Sacco, had a positive genius for irritating the judge, jury and prosecuting attorneys; inept, unversed in the law of Massachusetts, a professional defender of "Reds," he speedily made himself *persona non grata*—Judge Thayer, it is reliably testified, referred to him during the trial as "a long-haired radical from California."

The district attorney, Mr. Frederick Katzmann, was a typical prosecuting officer interested in making a record by securing convictions; in this particular case, public opinion was so thoroughly aroused by the brutality of the crime that a victim, innocent or guilty, was demanded if the prosecutor were not to lose prestige. Mr. Katzmann joined with Judge Thayer in charging the courtroom with that post-war atmosphere of super-patriotism and Yankee self-consciousness which was so damaging to the case of the defendants—foreigners, anarchists, internationalists and self-confessed draft evaders. Although he was not first to introduce the issues of desertion and radicalism, Mr. Katzmann exploited them to the full.

A few incidents will indicate the character of seemingly irrelevant but prejudicial matters which were presented to the jurors. An experienced physician, introduced by the prosecution to prove that the murdered men died of gunshot wounds—a point not disputed by the defense—was permitted to tell at length concerning his military service overseas with the Twenty-Sixth (New England) Division. This particular witness was not even cross-examined by the defense. Similarly, a revolver expert was encouraged to explain that he served as a captain during the World War and subsequently in the Officers' Reserve Corps, facts in no wise necessary to establish the competency of his testimony.

The District Attorney engaged in an argument with Sacco concerning Harvard University—Harvard, Mr. Katzmann stated, "educates more boys of poor people free than any other university in the United States of America," thus demonstrating that the prosecuting officer was as ignorant on this point as Sacco himself—free district nursing in the suburbs of Boston, and the system of public education in

*(Please Turn to Page 591)*

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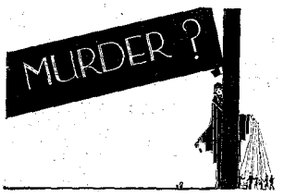


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# The Theatre

*By* FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

PLAYS, of course, like music, mean different things to different people. Yet it is inevitable that "Journey's End," the new war play from London, will be endlessly compared to "What Price Glory?" by theatre-goers—with conflicting results.

To us, it happens that "What Price Glory?" seemed like a vaudeville sketch slashed through with extraordinarily realistic conversation (with one attempt at emotional realism), but was after all merely a melodramatic, humorous burlesque which somehow managed at the same time to be a tract against war. "Journey's End," on the other hand, is essentially a sincere piece of work, dealing with the genuine realities of English character—human character, perhaps—as revealed by the intense and prolonged nervous strain of life in the trenches along the British front.

No plot, no crashing curtains, very little action, in a certain sense, no suspense—and of course no women. None of these things are in "Journey's End." And yet, paradoxically enough, it is full of women, full of suspense, full of action—we have seldom seen a play that held us so tautly in our seat. Partly perhaps because the big drive of the Germans was coming and we felt it in the dug-out every time the flares showed down through the entrance, every time a communication came from brigade headquarters. The threat of it lay beneath every remark made.

Just a handful of company officers living in a dug-out in the dark on the front line of the British trenches before St. Quentin, sunk in the eternal Flanders mud. Ordinary men these, whose minds run back to England and home, to wives and gardens and sweethearts; while at mess, trying to sleep, trying not to think, quoting "Alice in Wonderland," drugging themselves senseless with whisky, each one trying to bear in his own way the terrific strain of the fear of death prolonged day after day after day.

For sheer character delineation, "Journey's End" takes the prize—drawn purely from life, without the genius and selection of a Bernard Shaw or a Galsworthy, but more as if the characters had been burned on the mind of the man who wrote until he could never forget them. Gallant characters, too, characters to make you cheer about mankind, and somehow—to us at least—not sentimentalized at all, but quite truthfully drawn.

In fact, this is the triumph of "Journey's End:" An amateur has transcribed human character and transferred it to the stage almost perfectly. Nobody cares if the play has none of the twists and turns that seem necessary in drama and which usually characterize ordinary life. Such twists and turns are totally out of place in this dug-out. Life has no twists or turns. It is only horror, mud, suspense; a kind of Island of Despair waiting to be blown to hell.

Humor? Inevitably. Just enough to make the play bearable to the audience and to keep the men in the dug-out alive and sane. Except for this humor, it is true, it is all a flash-light picture done in one tone. And yet all that portion of society which has never had a primitive thrill in its life will feel both hysterical and repaid. And most others will be glad they did not miss it. Perhaps they will have a sense of having witnessed an old memory evoked again, rather than a consciousness of seeing a fine play, product of some one's imagination. For "Journey's End" has all the sharp verity of autobiography and little of the symmetry of fine art.

And how these Englishmen *can* act!

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## As the Record Leaves It

*(Continued from Page 589)*

Massachusetts; if this type of examination was not irrelevant or malicious, it was at least undignified or juvenile.

In his final argument to the jury Mr. Katzmann indicated that the money for which the murder was committed was stolen from a "capitalist," implying to the unsophisticated lay mind that anarchists like Sacco and Vanzetti could commit theft with clean conscience if the victim were of the moneyed classes. Mr. Katzmann then sent the jury to its deliberation with the exhortation: "Stand together you men of Norfolk!"

In all of this he was aided and abetted by Judge Thayer, who waved the flag to the jury in his preliminary instructions and in his final charge and whose hostility to counsel for the defense bursts through even the printed page. Meanwhile, Sacco and Vanzetti (together with some of their principal witnesses) were handicapped by lack of knowledge of English and were ultimately heard through an interpreter of doubtful integrity. All of these indisputable facts are in the record, so that he who wishes may read. Yet it may be true in a technical sense, as the Lowell Committee reported, that the trial was entirely "fair."

The merits of the Sacco-Vanzetti case were never reviewed by a court of higher appeal. Exceptions and appeals (occupying two volumes of the record) were all heard and denied by Judge Thayer; the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts ruled only on questions involving the "discretion" of the trial judge, and the courts of the United States refused to take jurisdiction. When Judge Thayer was asked to set aside the verdicts as contrary to the weight of evidence he said: "I cannot—as I must if I disturb these verdicts—announce to the world that these twelve jurors violated the sanctity of their oaths, threw to the four winds of bias and prejudice their honor, judgment, reason and conscience, and thereby abused the solemn trust reposed in them by the law as well as by the Court." Nevertheless, other courts regularly set aside verdicts of juries without in any way impugning the faith of the twelve men concerned. If Judge Thayer knew of criminal procedure in New York or Great Britain, his foregoing statement is so much casuistry; if he did not know it, he was incompetent to preside in a capital case.

In dignity and spirit the proceedings of the Lowell Committee, as detailed in Volume V, were a notable improvement

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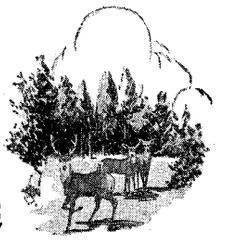

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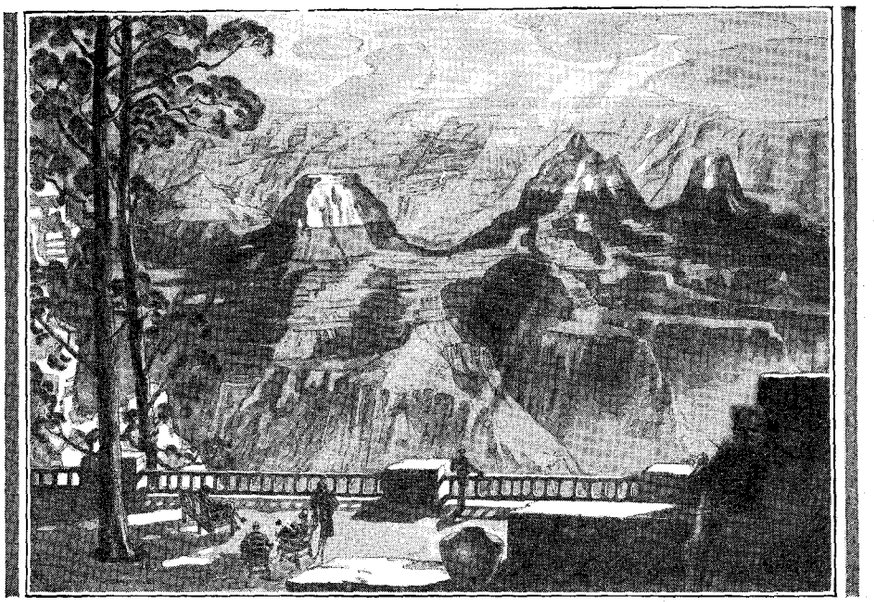

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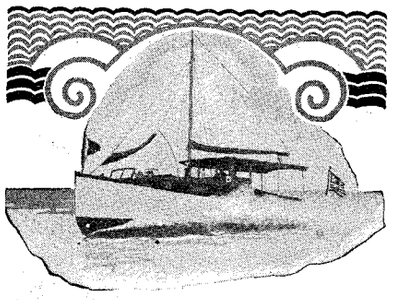

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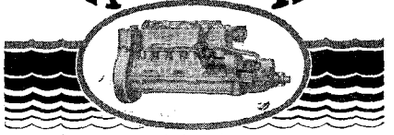

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# The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

## "The Divine Lady"

THIS FELLOW Frank Lloyd must have had a lot of sea-going ancestors. No one in the picture business has Frank Lloyd's feeling for the briny deep, nor his ability to transfer its salty essence to the screen. He's the Turner of the film industry.

In case you wonder what this has to do with a picture called "The Divine Lady" we shall inform you that the hero of the story is Horatio, Lord Nelson. His two great naval battles—The Nile and Trafalgar—are both shown on the screen and recorded in sound in "The Divine Lady" in a manner that reflects infinite credit on Mr. Lloyd, and on Louis Silvers, of the Vitaphone orchestra.

"The Divine Lady," herself, is, of course, Lady Hamilton. She whose amorous interlude with the great sea-fighter cost him the adulation of a grateful people and herself the protection of a doting husband. The novel from which the photoplay gets its name and substance set forth this tender and tragic episode with much charm. The picture follows it as faithfully and intelligently as the thing has been done, since Rex Ingram made "The Prisoner of Zenda."

There are so many nice things to be said about "The Divine Lady" that it is hard to decide which should come next. We feel disposed to mention the photography, by John Seitz, as being the factor second in importance to Frank Lloyd's direction; and then to proceed to an appreciation of the way in which Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner and Ian Keith handled the three important male rôles.

As Lord Nelson, Varconi was superb. He *was* Lord Nelson. As Sir William Hamilton, the husband who could be pushed just so far, H. B. Warner gave one of the most believable, dignified performances of his career. Ian Keith brought to the part of the cold-hearted Charles Treville an amusingly candid worldliness that was nothing short of inspired.

Passing now to the title rôle, we will say that that divine looker, Miss Corinne Griffith, played "The Divine Lady" in a manner that left nothing very definite to cavil at. She looked the part, and she gave to its more pathetic aspects a true and thoughtful reading; but we, who are admittedly goofy over Greta Garbo, and who have seen that peerless enchantress in one punk picture after another—

We, let us repeat, kept seeing a vision. We saw Greta Garbo playing the famous Emma Hart, and making her haughty, naughty, humorous and yielding; reckless, feckless, tender and true. It was too much. We're not going to say that it spoiled the picture or anything like that, because we like Corinne Griffith, too. But just the same, we're remembering that the fascinating Miss Garbo returned to these shores two weeks ago, and we're hoping. . .

Some day, they'll give Greta Garbo as good a picture as "The Divine Lady"—and the results will go down in history.

### *We Recommend*

*The Letter*: An aggregation of first-rate stage stars, including JEANNE EAGELS, O. P. HEGGIE, HERBERT MARSHALL AND REGINALD OWEN, in an excellent talkie. See it.

*The Iron Mask*: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has never had a better picture.

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*The Flying Fleet*: A story of naval aviation that tops all the air pictures.

*The Broadway Melody*: The touching and mirthful story of a small-time sister act. Very highly recommended.

*In Old Arizona*: An outdoor talkie, from an O. HENRY story. A fine piece of work.

## "Speakeasy"

THIS ALL-TALKING picture is inadequately named. Its title fails to convey that there is an unusually well-rounded plot to the piece, dealing with an educated prize-fighter and a girl reporter.

A speakeasy figures largely in the action; but there are also shots of Madison Square Garden, a newspaper office, a training camp in the woods and the Brooklyn Bridge subway station—largely patronized in real life by your correspondent.

"Speakeasy" has its faults, in the way of acting and recording. But it's such a darned good story that you'll want to see it. It's full of action, humor and excitement—the very things we were yelling for, only last week.

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## Speaking of Books

*(Continued from Page 589)*

after her death, it was this same mothering dynamism that impelled Jane, the governess, to hitch her horse to the fragile widower's cart.

Kathleen Norris sells "devotion" and "sacrifice" to her readers with a rather convincing mediocrity.

*Jehovah's Day.* By MARY BORDEN: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

THIS is an unusual book, written by an unusually intelligent English woman. To Mary Borden a million years are as one minute, and a hundred million as one day, "Jehovah's Day." She visualizes this breathless stretch of time with the sensitive eye of a creator. What, she asks, have a hundred million years done for us? And her answer is that we haven't gone very much further than the extinct Dodo, or the first mud turtle that stretched its horny neck out of the primeval age.

"Jehovah's Day" is Mary Borden's challenge to the scientists who take themselves seriously enough to imagine that their incantations have brought us any nearer to the secrets that worried Kant, Newton and Darwin, and now Whitehead, Eddington and Einstein.

*St. Paul.* By EMILE BAUMANN. Translated by KENNETH BURKE: Harcourt, Brace. Published March 28. To be reviewed by EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

## Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

**Ernest H. Wilson's China, Mother of Gardens Stratford**

An account of eleven years' wandering in search of rare plants and shrubs by the Keeper of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, which should be of interest to garden enthusiasts particularly, but also to any who want to know what western China is like, in its less densely inhabited regions. There are some sixty very fine illustrations, mostly from photographs taken by the author.

**Fairfax Downey's The Grande Turke Minton Balch**

This life of Suleyman the Magnificent is a gorgeous tale of blood and cruelty, of heroism and treachery, of the barbaric magnificence of an empire built and maintained by the sword. As a story, it is fascinating as any novel you are likely to find. As a series of gorgeous pictures we have read nothing in a long time that equals it. The revolt of the

*(Please Turn to Page 596)*


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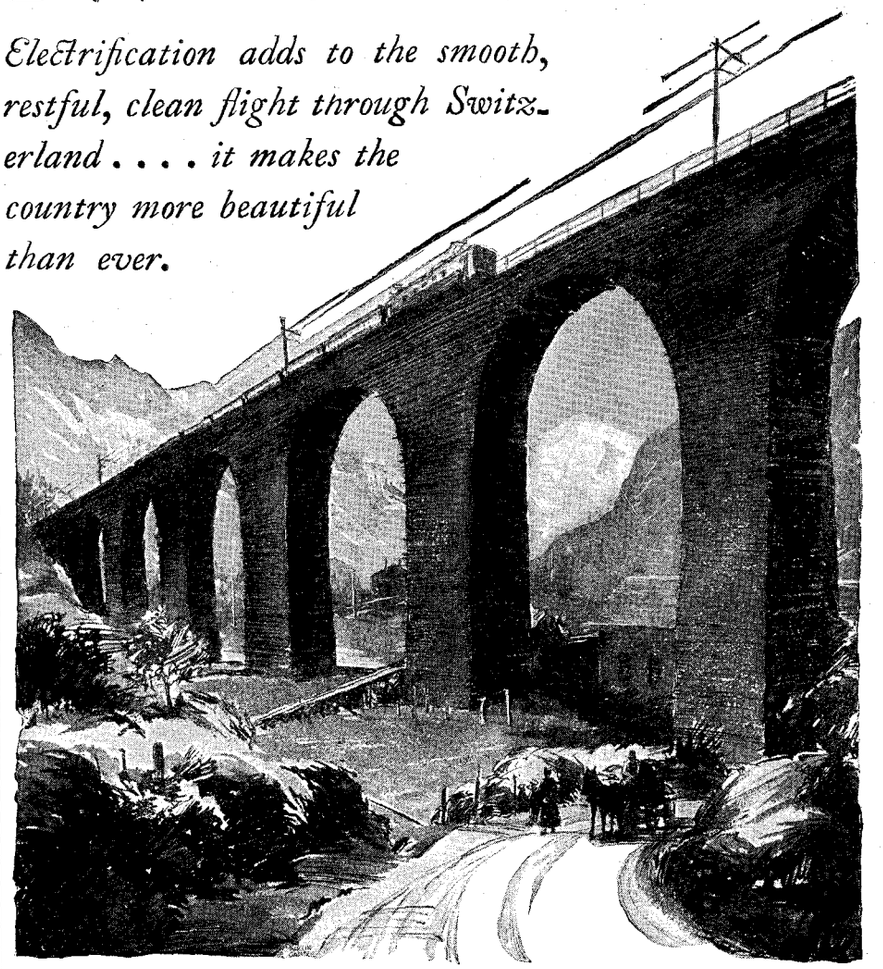

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FRANK C. CLARK. Times Bldg., N. Y.


# Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

*By* W. R. BROOKS

THE Garrison Fire Detecting System seems to us to have a great deal to recommend it, particularly for use in private houses where a sprinkler system would be out of place. It consists of a fire detecting wire which runs through the building and can be invisibly installed. Inside is first a wire of fusible alloy contained in a longitudinally slotted steel tube, next a thread serving, which insulates the wire from an outer brass sleeve. Outside the sleeve is a final heavy rubber insulation. When heat reaches the danger point at any place in the wire, the alloy melts, expands, forces itself through the slot in the steel tube and through the thread serving to contact with the brass sleeve, thus ringing an alarm gong—since both the core and the sleeve constantly carry electric current. The system is electrically supervised, also, so that if the wire is broken, or the current interrupted for any reason, a small "trouble bell" will ring.

Such a system as this we should think would be ideal for a home. Suppose that a fire starts in your cellar. You have warning of it before it has had an opportunity to get beyond the point where a fire extinguisher will subdue it, and even if your home is covered fully by insurance, once a fire is bad enough to get the firemen in the house, you are in for an immense amount of trouble for which no insurance will compensate.

Another use for this system is in hospitals, where even an alarm of fire is exceptionally dangerous. The wire is a good deal more reliable than a watchman, since it is on the job twenty-four hours a day instead of once an hour or so, and five minutes can make all the difference between an easily extinguished blaze and a gutted building. It is used also on yachts. Washington's home at Mt. Vernon is equipped with it.

There are a number of variations in the system. When you do not have automatic electrical supervision, you can have one which can be tested with a push button. You can have a bell which rings continuously, or you can have the system coded in various ways to show the location of the fire. You can have a double check on the efficiency of the outfit—that is, automatic supervision over the trouble battery which itself automatically supervises the main system. You can have emergency electric lights which turn on when the alarm gong rings. And there are a number of other variations.

NOW AT LAST you can have curly eyelashes. You can look roguish or appealing at will. Here is the Kurlash, which looks like some sort of a trick pair of manicure scissors, and all you have to do is apply it to the lashes and hold it on a minute or two and your lashes, whether they be long as Cleopatra's or short and stubby, will be neatly and beautifully curled.

We've got some other tricks up our sleeve, too. We went to the beauty show yesterday, and there we learned some of the most amazing things! Don't be alarmed: we're not going to tell you about them. Only the length of time required by these various beautifying processes rather discouraged us. We'd rather be homely and have a little leisure. Take, for instance, the question of incipient baldness, in which we, alas, are somewhat interested. We picked up a little leaflet concerning one cure—and not so darned little, either, considering that the directions alone covered three closely printed pages. You spread the paste on the scalp like butter, cover with wrapping paper, then with a bath towel, and leave on all night. It didn't say what you did when your head got hot, or how to prevent the wrapping paper from crackling and keeping you awake. Probably the best plan is to sit up all night and think how swell you'll look with long silky hair. In the morning you do a complicated shampoo, then after resting five days, butter your head again, two days in succession shampooing each time in the morning, wait five days—oh well, it seems to go on like that for months. Thanks, we'd rather wear a skull cap. But evidently beauty, like genius, is merely the capacity for taking infinite pains. And even when the pains have been taken, the results seldom justify them. Why is it that the average beauty specialist, if given a free hand, is so adept at ironing all vestiges of character out of a face? Take a dozen quite different faces, turn them over to the specialist, and the result will be twelve faces which can only be told apart by the color of hair and eyes. If King Solomon had had a beauty specialist at his court, he would soon have found that he'd have as much variety with one wife as with a thousand. Probably another phase of our passion for standardization.

And waterproof lipsticks are to be sold in slot machines at the beaches this year.

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# From the Life

*By* IBBY HALL

## *The Oldest Child*

SHE was the oldest of five. Thirteen, ten, six and four, ran the ages of the rest of the family. When they had got her, fourteen years ago, they must have been young and happy. Now they were forty. Old and miserable.

Her father had been handsome and steady (according to her mother); a good-natured fellow and never touching a drop. With wages regular. Her mother (according to her father) used to fix up for a fellow and give him a kind look once in a while. Instead of all this hollering and whining. And didn't he do the best he could? And where could a man get with five children?

Now he had lost his job. He had lost it six months ago. It seemed to the oldest child that bit by bit they had lost everything—except the children. The children could not be lost. That was why he drank so much.

But it was worse when he didn't drink so much. Like last night.

No—he had said—he wasn't drunk. How was he to get drunk? As if getting drunk was any good to him! he had said. Only one thing was any good to him, and, by God, he guessed he could get it.

She knew what he meant. He had said it before. He had found a way to lose them. He was going to get rid of them this time and get away altogether.

She slipped out from under the thin blanket, hurried into her stockings—her shoes—her scant dress—and threw back the dank, short hair from her forehead. But before going to the other bedroom where the children slept, she stopped.

Maybe if she ate something her stomach would stop feeling sick. Maybe she could think of something that would stop him. She put some pieces of dry bread into hot water and poured a cautious bit of milk over it. Then she sat down to eat. How was he going to do it? If she could find out—if she could get him right and ask him off hand—

Her mother came in to start the children's breakfast. They stared at each other and said nothing. Her mother went out again.

Keep the children quiet, thought the oldest child. Get 'em off to school and then hang round a little—what was that racket in the hall? Some one banging to get in somewhere. Like they was crazy!

But the banging stopped, after a little. Her mother was in the kitchen again—her hands over her mouth, as though to keep back her own voice. And the woman from the first floor—pushing behind her—

Keep the children quiet! The oldest child was on her feet, her finger warning them.

"Killing himself!" gasped her mother behind her hands. "Killing himself—with the gas—"

The oldest child looked at her quietly. Now she knew. She drew a quick breath. "Door locked?" she asked.

She was past them and in the living-room as her mother nodded. Easy enough to get the window open. She looked down at the railroad tracks thirty feet below, and at the stone ledge that ran around the outside wall. By holding the shutter she might reach it. She stepped out into the cold wet air, her feet feeling quickly for the ledge.

IF SHE COULD stand straight enough and not look down—if that wind would just not take her by surprise—if the rain did not come harder. She felt her way surely—quickly—on one side a blind brick wall to balance her. On the other, the empty sharp decline of air.

Had he thought to lock his window? When she reached it, the ledge was slippery with rain. The wind caught her dress and whipped it like a sail. Quick—and sure—she reached the window. Yes. He had thought.

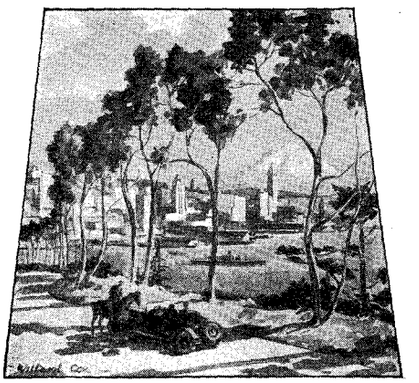
She turned now and stood upright leaning back against the house, looking up into the rain. On one foot now—balanced carefully—and crash! she struck behind her with the other. She caught her balance as she struck.

She could reach inside now and find the latch, and crawl inside—and now—with her thumb and finger on the gas cock she could stop him. She turned it, choking. Back at the broken window, she pushed it wide.

And then she looked at him. A little more helpless than when he was drunk. And quieter. She bent over him. Breathing more unevenly—more faintly.

She was through the door at that, and down the stairs. To the nearest telephone. To the help of the police.

"Pulmotor," she said clearly. "Hurry!" she added. Then she hung up slowly and walked home.

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## Speaking of Books

*(Continued from Page 593)*

Janissaries, when they overturned their soup kettles and beat on them with their spoons; the departure of the Turkish Army from Constantinople; the defence of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John; the defeat of the Hungarians at Mohacz —these are magnificent, and there are many more.

**Richard Hughes's The Innocent Voyage Harpers**

A remarkably fine book about a group of children who are captured by pirates and accompany their captors on a long voyage. But by no means a book for children. The embarrassment and helplessness of the pirates in face of the innocence and savagery of the children, the curious sense of values which in the children's minds regulates the comparative importance given to various occurrences, are extremely well done. And the children are real children—fascinating, exasperating, funny, and at times horrible. We suppose the book invites comparison with *What Maisie Knew,* but it is an invitation which we shall not accept. Both are excursions into child psychology, but for one thing they are more than thirty years apart. The methods are entirely different. We can't even say that if you liked *What Maisie Knew* you'll like this. We're sure you'll like this anyway.

**George F. Hummel's Summer Lightning Horace Liveright**

Lule, the beautiful Albanian, certainly led Mr. Harris a wild dance. He dashed about, from Naples to Rome to Durazzo, Belgrade, Tirana, Skutari and what have you. And still Lule eluded him. He never really caught up with her until she was in jail, under sentence of death, and then to have her he had to fly to Rome to get Mussolini's help. What with Captain Vulkich and the Marchese Bratinelli and Malatesta, the mysterious bootlegger, and dancers and murderers and soldiers and Fascisti, it is a very romantic and colorful tale, and virtue, somewhat maculated, triumphs in the end.

**Alice Hegan Rice's The Buffer Century**

Cynthia wanted to write. Right there we lost interest in her, for so do we and so do ninety per cent of this great nation, and we have a complete lack of sympathy with all of them, ourself included. Why *anybody* . . . But presently she wanted to do other things, and we regained interest, for the story is pleasantly and humorously written and Cynthia was a nice girl, whose feeling of responsibility toward her mother and her scamp of a brother and her bedridden aunt nearly ruined her life, since her own affairs were always taking second place. Her own freedom, however, is gained only by the removal of the responsibility, not through any change in her own point of view. Still, she could stand up for herself at times. We think you'll like her.

**Johannes von Guenther's Cagliostro Harpers**

A fictionized life of the famous charlatan who seems to have made capital out of the credulity of half the important personages of Eighteenth Century Europe. A bit confused at times, as translations are apt to be, it is nevertheless a colorful and romantic book, and paints a vivid picture of the brilliance, the superstition and the depravity of the society in which such imposters as Cagliostro flourished.

**Leroy Scott's The Living Dead Man Washburn**

Peter Buchanan, as the result of an accident, was paralyzed to the point where he couldn't do much more than wiggle his eyelashes. He was also suspected of having murdered a couple of people. So that if he ever recovered he was sure of being arrested. How he managed to come back to life, avoid arrest and unmask the real murderer makes a very good mystery yarn, which doesn't get any blue ribbons but is nevertheless worthy of the mystery addict's attention.

**Christopher Hollis's Dr. Johnson Holt**

A very readable biography of the most famous and most picturesque literary figure of Eighteenth Century England. It is no mere collection of anecdotes, but an interpretation which shows us the reason for the great influence which this prodigious talker and tea drinker, with his love for taverns and his passion for the truth, had upon the personages with whom he came in contact. A very pleasant book.

## Preventing Peace

*(Continued from Page 568)*

mind of the public as to whether there may not be some very live kittens left in the bag. To change the metaphor: though the official press try to prove that the mountain in labor has only produced a dead mouse, the public still smells a rat. The naval compromise has been published and so has the correspondence on military disarmament which it was clearly intended to keep

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secret not only from the British public but from the other powers. Are no "conversations" about armaments or about the Rhineland and reparations still in being? Now that the compromise is dead, are the British concessions still valid, as the French maintain? That is the doubt that is still disquieting public opinion and disturbing relations with America.

British diplomacy did in fact a grave disservice both to its own national interests and to the international interest of all by the wrong sort of move made at the right moment for a move. We have now to consider how American diplomacy did a very real, though generally unrealized, disservice to the cause of peace by making the right sort of move at the wrong moment for a move.

The American failure is all the more dangerous in that it has met with nothing but commendation and remains as an object of admiration that has nevertheless created obstacles to progress. Mr. Kellogg's proposal for a pact renouncing war was put forward to provide a rallying point for pacifist opinion. What was the obvious opening to a new departure has been thrown away on a mere demonstration. A renunciation of war genuinely and generously accepted as a prelude to a disarmament conference or as the preamble to a disarmament convention would have changed the atmosphere and would have charged the accumulators.

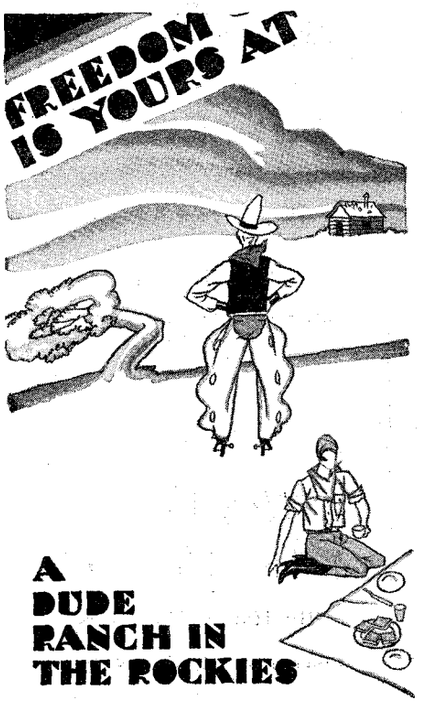
At the present moment the Governments of Great Britain, France and Italy are more concerned with war than with peace. Being unable to realize the possibilities of the Kellogg Pact owing to their dependence on militarist advisers, and equally unable to reject it owing to the still prevailing pacifism of public opinion, they compromised and concentrated on reservations. The result was that the American authors had to accept a general reservation as to wars of defense which robbed the pact of much of its moral appeal. Indeed the definite admission of the moral justification of any war that any war maker could call defensive was to many minds too heavy a price to pay for the moral outlawry of war in general. This emasculation of the renunciation would have been avoided had it been made as a preface to some particular practical provision for peace. In that case it would have been almost impossible to impose reservations on pacifist opinion. It would have gone despite everything.

The moral to be drawn from these two moves, the one universally condemned and the other universally commended, is this: It is an offense against the common sense of the day to play games of secret diplomacy for strategic points with peace as the stake. But it is an offense against the common conscience of humanity to make a move in democratic diplomacy merely to score a point in home politics. The retribution in the first case will be sudden and sensational. In the second it will be sure but so slow that the successors of those who made the mistake will suffer more than they themselves.

There can be no real restoration of the right relations between the British and American peoples and, in consequence, no real reconstruction of the world on a peace footing until the two Governments settle this question of seapower. Until that is settled there will always remain a risk to those relations from any move that may be made by either party, however well-meaning.

What must our leaders do? On the British side they would have to extricate policy from under the pressure of French armaments. This could be done, in the first place, by changing the atmosphere from one of precaution against war to one of preparation for peace. In the second place by redressing the balance of power with the help of an Anglo-American association for disarmament. In the third place, by restoring and reinforcing the principles of the League Covenant and the Locarno convention so as to revive public confidence in their efficacy.

And on the American side the new statesmen will in the first place have to hold the balance between pacifism and imperialism so that the fifteen-cruiser programme and other naval and air force appropriations may be used to the best advantage for their true purpose of imposing disarmament. In the second place they will have to adapt their procedure very carefully to the practical conditions prevailing next year. A dramatic gesture of conciliation that will sweep away expert entanglements as at Washington is no longer possible. A diplomatic gerrymandering of categories between experts as at Geneva without any pacifist push behind it has been proved useless. A pacifist appeal without practical applications as in the Kellogg Pact has, in spite of its moral value, added to the material difficulties. The programme of procedure for the next move, whether for application next year or for 1931, must be carefully prepared with an exclusive concern for international conditions. And in the third place they must conform their policy and procedure to the principle that the pathway to the peace of the world can only be opened by way of the freedom of the seas.

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## As the Record Leaves It

*(Continued from Page 591)*

over the original trial. Technical rules of evidence were discarded so that each witness might tell his story in substantially his own way. Sacco and Vanzetti were represented by distinguished counsel, Messrs. Thompson and Ehrmann, and the Commonwealth possessed in Mr. Ranney a prosecuting officer who inspired more confidence than his predecessor.

It is unfortunate that the Lowell Committee and Governor Fuller did not utilize their prestige and influence with President Coolidge to obtain from the Department of Justice such of its records as bore on the case. On even wider grounds there is reason to deny the right of the Lowell Committee to speak *ex cathedra* and with finality. While they were examining the evidence, the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti had passed into the background and a number of extraneous issues had moved into the foreground. Should one question the integrity of the courts of Massachusetts? Should loyal Americans accept dictation from foreign and domestic agitators? Should persons of substance and position have their opinions over-ridden by Italian immigrants and their supporters? Were not anarchism and radicalism sufficient justification of the verdicts in any case? These and other disturbing questions were in the air.

In preparing these volumes the impartial committee of lawyers sponsoring the record have made a discovery of major importance. It will be recalled that Sacco presented an alibi—a "serious alibi" according to words accredited to President Lowell—for April 15, 1920, the day of the South Braintree crime. Fellow Italians testified to having met him in Boston at a time which admittedly would have made impossible his participation in the murders.

Two of these (Guadagni and Bosco) among others verified their memories by reference to a banquet tendered by Italian admirers on that day to Mr. Williams of the "Boston Transcript." President Lowell by personal investigation (including a statement by Mr. Williams) determined that the alleged banquet was held on May 13, when Sacco was in jail. The Committee submitted Guadagni and Bosco to a rigorous and hostile cross-examination; perjury on the part of the witnesses was broadly hinted at, and it was even intimated that Mr. Thompson was party to a fraudulent alibi. Guadagni, chiefly because of faulty knowledge of English, became confused. But Bosco stuck obstinately to his original story and agreed to produce files of the newspaper "La Notizia" to confirm his testimony. The foregoing is fully recorded in the proceedings of the Committee for July 14, 1927.

On the following morning Bosco did in fact appear with the files of "La Notizia," but the only official reference to his appearance is the cryptic announcement:

"The witness Bosco who was on the stand yesterday afternoon again appeared with the editions of the paper 'La Notizia' requested by the Committee, and the Committee, all counsel present, and the witness look in the books produced by the witness."

Messrs. Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham, on behalf of the sponsors of the record, wrote an identical letter on November 27, 1928, to President Lowell and to Messrs. Thompson and Ehrmann, saying that "the last-quoted statement seems meaningless unless there is added something to indicate what the Committee, the counsel and the witness found on looking in the books containing the files of 'La Notizia.'" Messrs. Thompson and Ehrmann replied at length, on the basis of a memorandum they had jointly prepared "with much care soon after the event" that "La Notizia" for April 16 contained an account of the dinner as asserted by Bosco; that by long-distance telephone Mr. Williams verified the account; that President Lowell apologized to both Guadagni and Bosco, although denying Bosco the right to make public what had occurred. Mr. Lowell replied to Messrs. Flexner and Burlingham in summary fashion "that besides the larger public dinner, given to Mr. Williams on May 13, this luncheon also took place on April 15." Why President Lowell uses the word "luncheon" is not explained when the photostatic copy of "La Notizia" reproduced in the record distinctly uses the word "banquet." The significance and the implications of this whole incident can hardly be overestimated in a reconsideration of the case itself.

"The evil that men do lives after them." But in this case who committed the evil? Perhaps we shall yet know.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

## St. John Ervine's Farewell

*(Continued from Page 573)*

look of the young American man: a splendid fellow, immensely superior to the flabby, belted bald fellow who flourished a decade ago.

*(Please Turn to Page 600)*

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## St. John Ervine's Farewell

*(Continued from Page 598)*

In what respect have you been disappointed here?

Oh, I don't know. You are not so efficient as I expected you to be, and you are an extraordinarily wasteful people. Nothing in New York, except the opera, ever begins at the advertised time. I waste precious time by arriving punctually at luncheon and dinner parties. Yet they will hurry to places as if their lives depended on their getting to them in the briefest time. I should say that your heads of businesses are extremely efficient, but that your subordinates are grossly inefficient. Eminent business men arrive at their offices at absurdly early hours. There would not be any need for them to do this if they knew that their subordinates were capable.

What is your predominant feeling on leaving New York, joy or regret?

I have been here for a longer period than I originally intended to be, and the "World" has very kindly asked me to come back again next autumn—

Are you?

I don't think so, although I have been very happy on the "World" and have been treated with great kindness and indulgence. But I do not want to be a critic for much longer. I have other things to do. I am overjoyed at going home, but sorry, too, at leaving New York. This town insinuates itself into your affections. It has great beauty, especially at night, and I should hate to think that I was not to see it again.

Sometimes, I fancy that the United States will one day become the center of the British Empire, that all the islands and commonwealths and dependencies that are now called the British Commonwealth of Nations will some day be clustered like great jewels round this continent which will be the mainspring, the center-piece, the chief home of the English-speaking people. England and Scotland and Ireland will still be the old home, but America will be the strength of the Commonwealth. Well, I shall be glad and sorry to go. There are sights here that I shall never forget, and audacious beauty that will live in my memory forever. Have you seen the lit head of the Grand Central Station at night? As you come down Park Avenue in the short twilight, and see that glowing golden dome shining into the quickly gathering darkness, you feel that you are looking at a fairy palace. Very lovely.

Do you think that America is most daring in its architecture?

Yes, it has courage and a sense of adventure and magnificent audacity in its buildings. The domestic architecture of America seems to me to be the best in the world. Men have been very good to American women. They have realized that a house is a woman's workshop, and they have made it a place where she can do her job well. The American architect is the only person in this country who has substantially started to repay Europe for what America owes it in culture.

## Re-enter Lloyd George

*(Continued from Page 569)*

year, which increase alone at the present level of taxation, together with receipts from betterment, is likely to be sufficient to meet interest and repay the whole State expenditure within a comparatively short period of years.

"All this work, therefore, makes no drain on the Exchequer. In the housing work there is an increased annual charge for subsidy; but this is well within the limits envisaged by Parliament in 1924 as a proper charge from a housing as distinct from an unemployment point of view. Finally, there is the cost of land drainage. This will be contributed to by the landowner to the extent to which benefit has accrued to specific land, but a large part of the cost must fall upon the State, particularly in the case of schemes of arterial drainage. This last is the only net additional charge against the Exchequer.

"Against this is to be set (1) a direct saving to the Unemployment Benefit Fund of many millions of pounds, and (2) an increase in receipts from existing taxation of some ten million to twelve million pounds . . . . So, by a longer argument, we have come back to our first, and not very surprising, conclusion that it pays a community better to have its citizens working than to have them idle!"

The General Election of two months hence will undoubtedly be won and lost on the unemployment issue. No party can fail to tackle it, and no party—even if successful at the election—can hope to hold the good-will of voters indefinitely unless it makes a genuine attempt to solve it. Promising a solution is, of course, a much easier matter for Lloyd George than for the Government.

Nevertheless, Lloyd George, by facing the unemployment issue squarely (even though he may incur no responsibility thereby) and by suggesting a definite "cure" for the evil (even though he may never get within hailing distance of a chance to administer the cure), has stolen a march on his Conservative and Labor rivals.

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